

The Hands of the Gods

by Seeker of Inspiration

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Summary: The gods find the Berkerians intriguing. Small stories of their mischief. THE WISH: Hiccup makes a careless wish which a mischievous god takes advantage of. THE SWITCH: Astrid makes a selfish wish; the gods believe she needs a lesson.

## 1. The Wish Part 1

I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.

This will be a two part story. I might add another story with Astrid but I am still debating on it. Please enjoy.

And no, I have not forgotten about How to Find a Dragon. I just needed to get this story out of the way.

**\*\*Hiccup makes a small careless wish, which the god of mischief takes advantage of.\*\***

**\*\*THE WISH (Part 1)\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Loki's Hero\*\*\*\***

He had never felt so rewarded as then; before him laid the perfect playfellow. Who would have thought there were still revered heroes left in the world of mortal men? Unseen by the Vikings he walked around the dark dragon and unconscious boy. He had watched them take down none other than the Red Death. Of all demigods, they had to destroy his favorite one after his own off springs. He had been tempted to tilt the scales to Red's favor until he heard the young boy and girl talking in the docks. It had been a long time since he had seen someone so enthralling, so he gave them a little of his luck, laid back, and watched.

He had actually thought the boy would die, and he would personally lead him to the halls of Valhalla. The Valkyries would try to stab

his eyes out later for doing their job, but he had thought the risk worth it. He leaned against the yack sized man better known as Stoick the Vast to have a closer look at the boy. The boy had lost part of his leg. Darn, he would probably spend the rest of his life sheltered, but also treated as the hero he was.

This wasn't even worth losing Red, but it was done. With a sigh, he left the world of mortals.

\*\*\*\*A Year Later\*\*\*\*

Loki always tried to look at the world in a light mood; still it was hard to believe something like this had gone overlooked by the other gods and specially him. He had left the boy to his own devices, thinking he would lead a lame life, but no, behold the mortal who had proven him wrong. If the others knew of this mistake from his playful behalf, he would never hear the end of it. A whole year had passed by, and he had missed all the fun!

He walked around the village with one of his favorite disguises in place. To all who looked he resembled an elderly woman who could barely make her way around. The most fun was when he got to trip them with his cane.

"Let me help you," the boy said before picking the basket he had dropped before.

"No, no, no; you must be busy"

"It's no problem at all," he said leaning on his good knee before gathering everything into the basket and then standing with a metallic squeal "here you go"

"Thanks sonny is nice to know the next chief will be just as noble," he said with a mouth almost out of teeth.

The boy laughed nervously before they heard a growl.

Toothless felt something terribly wrong coming from that old woman; he just didn't like it.

"What's wrong bud?" asked Hiccup before turning back to the old lady to apologize, but she was gone.

Loki sat on the roof of a house nearby and watched intrigued. Dragons were exceptional creatures, but never had one been able to look past his disguises. Those two were indeed an intriguing pair. Instead of throwing the first fireball he could conjure he decided to take his time. Hiccup had demonstrated to be worth the wait.

\*\*\*\*The Meeting\*\*\*\*

The air was covered with the sweet smell of mead and warm food. Before the master table bodies moved to the rhythm of a band; feet were stumping, hearts beating, and spirits rising. Their Great Hall was filled with chieftains of every island near and far and their crewmen. It was a time of celebration for the Hairy Hooligans because that day their next chief was being introduced to the other chieftains. Of course, Hiccup wasn't too happy about this.

He was eighteen years old, and though he had grown and filled out a little he was still no match to the other chiefs. All of them made sure to point it out when they told them they couldn't believe Stoick was his father. A few men had already returned to their ships with shiners and broken noses for insulting Vahallarama's honor.

Hiccup wanted to slip past the men and join his friends who were sitting around their usual table exchanging stories with some of the visitors. They pretty much had them captivated with the accounts of their many adventures since they had started living alongside the dragons. Though Fishlegs could tell a mean story, he knew he was probably drowning them with too many details.

"Hiccup" his father called.

"What? Oh, sorry; what was the question?" he realized the other chiefs were looking at him expectantly.

"Son of Stoick, we want you to join us on the summer raid with your dragon," said the chief of the Meat Heads with a sharp toothed grin. Just imagine the riches they could gain from having this boy join them.

He? Being in a raid with Toothless? But had his father not told them he wasn't a willing killer? Yes, he had killed the Red Death, but only because it was hurting them and wanted to kill them.

"What is it boy? You are looking as pale as Freyja's ghost, are you afraid to become a man?"

"Iâ€¦"

"He is busy with the dragons here," Stoick intervened, "he can't be spared for the raid" his tone meant there would be no space for objections.

"Alright Stoick, we will let it go for this \_time\_" added another chief. The boy would have to join them sometime. It was tradition.

Hiccup stared between the two large men. He had been ready to accept, though he had some doubts about it, he would have to eventually. Otherwise, when the time came for him to take over the role as chief they would not be respected. That could place the Hairy Hooligans in danger.

\*\*\*\*At Home\*\*\*\*

Hiccup stirred the coals of the fire, looking deeply into the flames hoping for a glimpse of the future. He knew he couldn't hold off for long. He would have to join them in a raid sometime, but a large part of him just couldn't see it. He wasn't that interested in riches, they had everything they needed in the island, and if they needed something more, they traded.

A hot coal escaped the fire before hitting his prosthetic. He kicked it back with little effort.

He wasn't a Viking, was he? How was he supposed to take care of a village full of Vikings if he couldn't call himself one? He didn't

enjoy battle as much as others, and he wasn't that strong. Of course, he knew there was more to it than just that. He knew how to sail, trade, and make weapons. He had some basics down when it came to fighting thanks to Gobber and Astrid. Astrid had been teaching him to wield the ax, and he was barely passable with it. Still, as the son of the chief he knew he needed to be better than most.

His father at his age had already gone to many raids, and come back with incredible tales of valor and feats. His father knew that he wouldn't be able to make him proud during a raid. Was he trying to spare him the humiliation? Probably.

It had been a long time since he had felt so inadequate. So small. So clumsy. So Hiccupâ€¦

When sleep finally started to settle at the top of his eyelids, he went to his room. Toothless had been long asleep on his stone slab. It didn't seem fair to involve him in a raid. It was a Viking thing; dragons had no need to raid humans as long as they could hunt for themselves. When he went next summer on the raid, he would go without Toothless. Yes, it was extremely likely he would get killed, but it just didn't go well with him to bring him.

As he finally drifted to sleep, he wished he was more Viking like his father. That he could tell extraordinary tales of valor at the Great Hall after every summer, bringing gifts, andâ€¦

The young man fell asleep.

Loki who had been watching from the window couldn't help his smirk. Finally, after so many years the opportunity had arrived. He pulled from his pocket a fistful of midnight blue sand and blew it like a typhoon into the small room covering the sleeping Hiccup and Toothless. Oh, this would be so much fun.

\*\*\*\*His Wish\*\*\*\*

Hiccup woke up with a lot of pressure on his chest. The dragon had probably slipped to his bed in the middle of the night. He groaned wondering if Toothless needed a diet. He didn't register the sweet smell of rose water, or the other scents in the room. It was too early to think.

"Get off Toothlessâ€¦" he groaned before his hands came in contact with soft tendrils of hair "â€¦what?"

"It's too early," whoever was at top of him said, a woman definitely, before she rolled off him.

His eyes were wide as he pulled his naked body back from the woman until he fell off the bed.

"Whoâ€¦what?" he said before scrambling for his clothes as he covered his privates.

"Name is Rena," she said as she snuggled into the soft bed, "but who cares"

"I do!" he whined as he pulled his pants on, and then he noticed. He had both of his feet, not a foot and a stump. He started to notice a

few other things. His legs and arms were tattered, and so was his chest. They were covered with scars Ruff and Tuff would die for. Was he also taller? This had to be some sort of dream, or maybe a nightmare. Well, the woman on the bed was beautiful. No! This wasn't right! How in the name of Odin did he get there?

"You are too sweet boy," the woman chuckled but didn't leave the warmth of the bed, "your ship will be sailing soon, you should hurry"

"But..."

"If you want to do it again, it will cost you more. I am not a morning person" she uncovered her chest before he turned red.

"No thanks," he said before he put the rest of his clothing on. There was also a shield and battle-axe the woman reminded him to take. She seemed highly amused by his forgetfulness, still she knew better than to question her customers.

Hiccup left the brothel as dawn started to break through. He was in a village he could not recognize, but the salty breeze told him they were by the sea.

"Hicc!" he jumped before he turned to come face to face with a friendly smile from Snotlout, "c'mon. We got everything we need!"

Hiccup just followed unable to find his voice. He was actually a little taller than Snotlout, and he hadn't received any demeaning remark from him. This was surely a dream.

They made it to the port where their ships were being loaded with supplies. There was enough to feed the whole village during the winter! He couldn't remember ever being a time they had been able to trade like this.

"Hicc!" called Spitelout, his uncle before clapping him on the back, "thought we would have to fish you out of there again!"

"Ehh..."

"Alright everyone, we are ready to set sail back home!" everyone cheered before they got on the boats.

\*\*\*\*Sailing\*\*\*\*

The dream was lasting too long. He had hoped to wake up as soon as they saw the approaching storm.

"Don't lose the sails!" he heard someone shout as he held to the post and tied them. With this new found strength, he found the job easy to do.

"The tents!" he caught the tents used to keep the water out of the boat and shield them from the worst of the storm. They tied them to the posts to the edges of the boat. When he finally got down he was already as wet as a rat. Still, the shelter was comforting.

"Can't wait to get home," said Snotlout leaning against one of the sides of the boats, "what are you going to do when you get back Hicc?"

Why did he keep calling him Hicc? It didn't bother him, but why shorten his name, "I don't know," he wondered what else this dream had in store for him.

"Righhht!" laughed Snotlout, "are you getting cold feet?" he turned to his cousin in surprise. Why would he be afraid of returning home?

He saw his cousin flinch as if he had realized he had said something wrong "what do you mean?" he asked, surprising the other young Viking.

"Are you feeling well?" he asked curiously. He should already be on the floor from a punch to his jaw.

"Iâ€|" Hiccup realized the dream Snotlout was expecting something else from him, "this is a dream, isn't?"

"This?"

"Yeah," he felt kind of silly explaining to dream Snotlout, "I meanâ€|" never mind. I think I need to lie down"

"Those whores slipped something into your drink, didn't they?" Snotlout said before passing him a blanket, "I told you to wait until we got back home"

He laid and didn't say anything because he preferred not to think he had actually gone to a brothel or what he had done there. It wasn't rare for Vikings to do things like that, but that was just not him. He had been called lame by his peers because of this. Neither Snotlout nor Tuff would ever let him forget that he had turned down a courtesan that had taken a liking to him for his youth, and had even willingly offered him a cheap deal. Fishlegs had been with him at the time, which had made it even worse. The bigger boy had started talking about finding true love and other things that made grown men and courtesan laugh at the pub.

Then again, he remembered, Astrid had beat up both Snotlout and Tuff when she heard them making fun of him. She had called them every foul name she had been able to come up before she looked his way. She had blushed when she caught of his shocked expression. That night they had gone on their dragons and rode through the whole night, never once mentioning the incident. Only as dawn approached she asked him to never change.

He woke up with the memory of her smiling face, and the chaste kiss she laid on his cheekâ€|"wait? He woke up? But he was in a dream, right? Was it possible to dream within a dream?

It was already night time and the storm was gone, and the crew was allowing the wind to take them back home. Everyone seemed to be resting, and the tents had already been removed. He had a clear view of the night sky. By just looking at the stars, he was able to tell they would be back in Berk in a few days. He sighed; if they were

riding dragons instead they would already be there.

After the storm, the weather was kind to them giving them strong winds to return them home. Everyone took this as a good omen. The time it took to return home was shortened, however, the first sight of Berk wasn't so welcoming. Many homes had turned into ashes, which others were missing walls or roofs. There was a lot of reconstruction done, and the cold season was almost upon them.

"Damned dragons!"

"Foul beasts!"

"Demons!"

Hiccup did his best to keep breathing normally. This was certainly a nightmare. He fainted in the spot.

\*\*\*\*\*At Home Again\*\*\*\*\*

He stirred in his bed, and it was his bed undeniably. The old mattress was as stiff as he remembered.

"Don't move, you are sick," he heard Astrid said before she laid a damp cloth on his forehead "you have been out since yesterday"

"I had such a stupid dream," he said with his eyes closed, "it was horrible. The whole village had been attacked by dragons andâ€¦"

"We were Hicc," she said with a reproaching tone before his eyes snapped open. The woman before him flinched, and though it was indeed Astrid, she wasn't the same Astrid he knew. It was the same beautiful blond hair, but this time it was loose and cascading down her back. Her eyes were tired and fearful. And instead of wearing her usual armor she was wearing a long dark blue robe. She looked stunning, yet sad.

"I am still dreaming," he said shaking, "why am I still dreaming?" he asked, hoping she could answer him.

"Snotlout thinks you hit your head during the last raid. He said you haven't been yourself," she said matter of fact before standing and going to his desk, which was incredibly empty. She picked a plate and cup and returned to his side, "You need to eat"

He didn't say anything and sat before taking the plate and cup from her. He started eating slowly, pondering why he was still dreaming.

"We were able save more this year than last, and with what you brought we should be set for the whole cold season. There is already a celebration in the Great Hall. Everyone is hoping you can join them soon" but her voice lacked any excitement, like she could care less.

Hiccup nodded as he chewed and didn't say anything until he swallowed, "that sounds great, but I think I will stay here. If you want to go, you don't have to stay with me, I will be fine" he needed time to find out exactly what was going on.

She stared at him with a frown. He was still giving her that soft looking smile.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, don't worry," he said handing her the empty plate and cup back.

"Everyone was hoping to hear about the raid," she said as he started to tuck back into his bed.

"I am sure Snotlout could do it just as well," he said, "besides, I can't remember much. You could say the whole thing is blank"

"I will go then," she said standing slowly, but never looking away from him.

"Have fun," he said sincerely, which made her look at him oddly.

"Sleep well," she said before leaving the room, sneaking one more glance at his smiling face before closing the door behind her.

He didn't like the way she was looking at him. It was almost as if she was afraid of him.

He got out of bed and dressed. Just as he was about to leave he noticed something in a corner of his room, in the place where Toothless' stone slab should had been. There was a black scale. His friend had been there.

\*\*\*\*Night Stroll\*\*\*\*

It was easy to sneak out of his house. No one was in the streets. He started his way towards the smithy. Hopefully he would find another clue there. As he approached the smithy, he saw Gobber come out. He had been about to call to his old mentor before he spotted the resentful scowl. He couldn't remember ever seeing Gobber with an expression like that. It made him look many years older.

"What do you want?" he snapped at him.

"Hello to you too Gobber," he said trying to be friendly, to which the older man scowled even more if it was possible "ehm, I was hoping I couldâ€¦"

"Your ax is already sharpened. It's at your house," he said trying to pass him.

"Ehâ€¦ thanks?" he said to which Gobber raised an eyebrow, "I was actually hoping you would let me have a look at the smithy"

"Why?" he asked suspiciously.

"Wellâ€¦" was he still Gobber's apprentice? It didn't seem like it, "I was hoping I couldâ€¦" but he could tell Gobber already knew he was up to something. He gave a defeating sigh before pulling out the black scale and showing it to him, "I found this in my room. It's a Nigâ€¦"



"Nightfury scale, I know. So they haven't told you yet?"

"Told me what?"

"That in the previous attack we all finally saw the Nightfury. It entered your house, though for some reason, it didn't destroy anything"

"It was searching for meâ€|"

"It seemed like it, but what I don't get is what my smithy has to do with it"

"I can't really explain," he shook his head as if to clear the spider webs, "but I think it might have also stopped there"

Gobber gave him a calculating look, something along the lines of melancholy and hope crossed his eyes.

"Please?" he asked which made the older man's eyes widen.

"Follow me," he finally said before Hiccup followed him.

The smithy was all Gobber. His projects, plans, and tools were gone. He went straight to the small study Gobber had given him years ago. It was now only a storage area, but there he found another scale.

"Would you look at that?" he said in triumph, "he remembers"

"Who remembers?" asked Gobber.

"Toothless," he said excitedly. His friend clearly remembered too.

"Who isâ€|"

"Thanks Gobber!" but he was already out of the smithy and running off someplace else.

\*\*\*\*Raven's Point\*\*\*\*

He was almost out of breath when he reached the small cove where he had befriended Toothless. It was the same as last time he had been there, but there was no sign of his friend. Still, he wouldn't give up.

"Toothless!" he started shouting, "Where are you buddy!"

Then he heard a growl. He turned to find his friend at top of a rock, looking down at him with predatory eyes.

"Hey buddyâ€|" he started nervously when Toothless continued to growl, "can't you recognize me?" then he noted a slash on his side. He had been hurt during the attack "it's me Toothless, Hicâ€|" but he didn't get to finish. Toothless tackled him to the ground and roared loudly on his face. Talk about deja vu. He tried his best not to show fear as he spoke, "it's me buddy. I know I look different, but it is still me; Hiccup"

The dragon only growled even more at him.

"I know you are confused, but so am I. Please believe me buddy; you know I would never do something to hurt you"

Then he watched Toothless gag before he dropped half a salmon on his chest. Toothless pulled back and sat on his back legs, just like he had many years ago.

"You are not serious," he said before Toothless growled at him, "alright; fine!" he said before biting into the fish. He tried not to think how long it had been inside Toothless. Just as before, he did his best to swallow without returning anything, "there, happy?" his response was a large lick on the face, "yeah, I am glad to see you too" he said standing before the dragon captured him in a hug, "I guess things haven't been going well for you" he remembered the injury on his side, "let's get some herbs to treat that"

\*\*\*\*Dawn\*\*\*\*

He had spent part of the night looking for the right herbs to apply to Toothless wounds. After that they had gone on a deserved ride through the clouds. It was a little odd that Toothless didn't need him to guide the fin that was once missing, but still enjoyed the moment. He told his friend to wait at the cove again that night while he thought of a way to get out of that problem. Both had agreed that they had indeed gone to sleep and woke up in different places, so they stuck to the idea that it was all a dream.

"Son!" he heard his father call as he entered the village. From what he had been able to gather, this was going to be so awkward "feeling better I bet!" he patted him on the shoulder and for once didn't knock him over.

"Somewhat, a little dizzy still" he needed an excuse to act differently.

"Come now, you need something to eat. Astrid said you barely ate yesterday" really? He had eaten the whole plate.

He followed his father, not believing he was just about his height. An inch or two was all he needed to be there. When they entered they were welcome by shouts of excitement. He wanted to get out as soon as he saw a crowd surrounding him, mostly women.

"Oh Hicc! You got taller!"

"Snotlout said you took ten men down all on your own!"

"Is that a new scar!"

"Ehâ€¦ thanks?" he said before they stared at him oddly, "excuse me, I am going toâ€¦" he pointed to the table where his father was sitting, "you know"

"Of course!"

"Forgive us, please eat"

"Can I touch your abs?"

"I don't think so," he said before slipping away. As he ate, he tried to think of a way to wake up. Maybe if he jumped off a cliff, but what if he stayed still but now with a lot pain?

"Son, you are quiet. Is something bothering you?"

"I am just tired," he said with a sigh.

"I know it's a big step, but she is a wonderful lass," his father said, but before Hiccup could ask him what he meant he called to someone, "Astrid!"

The young woman gave a polite smile before joining Hiccup on his other side.

"I can't believe you will be married within a just a few days," he celebrated as he served her a cup while Hiccup tried to clear his throat.

"Son, you okay?"

"Yâ€| yeah" he said trying to keep his calm, which he was failing at terribly as Astrid kept trying to get a glance of his face, "excuse me, I am not feeling well," he said before he got up and left without listening to his father's call.

He hurried to his house and went to collapse on his bed. It was true, he wasn't feeling so well. He couldn't stand that, and \_if \_this was a dream that it could be a good one. He was going to marry Astrid, but they were still at war with the dragons. Then again he was close to marrying the girl he cared for even before he started liking girls.

He sighed in frustration before turning to look up at the ceiling. If this was a dream, then whom could he talk to? He wasn't sure there was anyone he could trust. Astrid would have been his first choice, but every time he saw her, he could barely see the girl he loved. Then, there was Gobber. He could tell him just about anything, but the night before he had glared at him with so much distrust that he had felt sick at his stomach.

There was just another person he could think of that could help him. Hopefully he would be happy to see him.

\*\*\*\*Know-it-all\*\*\*\*

Hiccup had gone to his old friend's house, where Fishleg's mother told him he had gone fishing with his father, but would return soon. She had seemed surprised to find the son of the chief at her door, but didn't question him. She had actually seemed pleased that he was looking for Fishlegs. He had a exceptionally unpleasant feeling about it.

He waited at the docks, just sitting on the side watching. Many came forwards and offered him some of their best catches. At first he tried to refuse them, but they just kept insisting until he asked for a basket to put the fish on. He would take some to Toothless.

He spotted Fishleg's family boat closing in. As they got closer, he felt his hopes diminish.

"C'mon son, put your back into it!" and he recognized Mr. Ingerman right away, but the tall gaunt guy next to him was a whole different story. He saw the same stringy blond hair, hazel eyes, and buckteeth. Yet, he couldn't believe it until he called.

"Fishlegs!" he shouted and waived at him, offering a smile. The tall man looked shocked before he offered a nervous smile. He waived shyly back before he and his father docked.

"Hiccuâ€¦Hicc!" he corrected himself fast, "hey, how are you?"

"I need to talk to you," he helped picking some of the baskets, including his own.

"Oâ€¦okay," said Fishlegs with a nervous smile before he picked some other baskets and followed with his dad silently. Hiccup could feel his eyes on his back, but he wasn't sure what feelings lay behind it. Was there mistrust and fear? Or maybe the fellowship he felt many times when it came to their curiosity about the world. He hoped for the later.

After they brought the baskets in, he and Fishlegs went to walk around the edges of the village, out of sight. He kept carrying his own basket of fish, unsure of where he would go from there. For all he knew, Fishlegs may have a grudge against him and try to kill him.

"I heard you are going to marry Astrid. I thought I would never see the day"

"So, we are friends?" he asked, and Fishlegs started to look scared.

"I am sorryâ€¦ I didn't mean toâ€¦" he started saying as he stepped back, just about ready to bolt away.

"Fishlegs stop, please" and he begged which made the other young man stop and stare at him shocked "Fishlegs, I amâ€¦ I am not sure what's going on, butâ€¦" he didn't think saying he believed this Berk to be a dream to sound sane "Iâ€¦ I am a different Hiccup"

"What do you mean?" he stopped but didn't get close to him again.

Hiccup sighed again.

"Before I tell you, please tell me if we are friends"

"We used to be"

"Used to?"

"Did you hit your head?" he said sounding almost upset

"Please, tell me what happened" Fishlegs was such a neat guy. It was hard to make him actually upset.

"We grew up, you more than me and we stopped talking" he said matter of factly.

"Is that just it?" he didn't believe it.

"What do youâ€¦" and he stared at him oddly, Hiccup realized it was betrayal what covered his eyes. Fishlegs didn't trust him, just like he would never trust Snotlout or the twins. He was no different from them in his book.

"It can't be just that!" he said exasperated, "why did you look so scared of me, why did Gobber looked at me as if I wasn't even worth noticing, why is Astrid so distantâ€¦" and when he fell to his knees he realized that even though it was a dream, it honestly did bother him, "Snotlout won't even insult meâ€¦"

"He hasn't since we were kids," said Fishlegs sitting where he had been standing, but once again, still keeping his distance "when you hit your growth spur and started hitting back, he stopped"

"I hit back Snotlout?"

"The first times were actually quite amusing, but then he was just pathetic"

"And so was Iâ€¦" he added what he knew Fishlegs wanted to say.

"I went after him, didn't I?"

"Yeah," he said with a sad smile, "did you lose your memory?"

"Tell me about Gobber, wasn't I his apprentice?"

"Yes, but then you just quit"

"What did I do?" he needed to know even if it hurt him.

"You called him a crazy old man,"

"Fishlegsâ€¦"

"You called him the worst name possible for a Viking in his position. I won't repeat those words" and at once Hiccup thought of Gobber's missing hand and leg.

"Whatâ€¦what about Astrid?"

"You beat her, pretty bad too. Broke her arm so bad that she could not move it for half a year"

"Why in the world wouldâ€¦"

"She wouldn't marry you. You challenged her and did all you could to win. She just wouldn't stay down. Part of the deal was also that she quit being a Shield Maiden"

"Oh Odin, what have I done to deserve this? I wish I didn't have to, but I have to know," he looked at Fishleg's straight in the eyes, "what did I do to you?"

Fishlegs looked away and frowned, "you aren't pulling my leg, right?"

"I swear," Hiccup said feeling the back of his burn with unshed tears. He broke her arm, insulted Gobber in the worst way possible; he even beat Snotlout until he broke his spirit. He had an extremely bad feeling.

"I defied you in from of the whole tribe. Ruff and Tuff used to do all you said," he said standing, "you had them tie to a tree hanging from my arms" he started taking off his tunic. His whole upper body was covered with thin scars, "you said you had to, or the whole tribe would lose respect for you" he said tracing a ticker scar on his shoulder, "and you told me not to ever get in your way again. I did just that, I stuck to fishing with my dad"

"I am a monster," by then Hiccup had his face hidden on his hands, "this has to be a lousy dream, a nightmare" he clenched his teeth as in pain.

"Now will you explain to me what you meant by being a different Hiccup?" he asked, though part of him could believe the man before was a whole different person. He put on his robe back. The scars didn't bother him that much. They actually looked stylish in a exceptionally Viking way. What bothered him was that his best friend had done that to him.

"You are not going to believe me, but I might as well try" he uncovered his face and Fishleg's saw his eyes red and tearful, "I come from a different Berk, I don't know how is possible, but I am in the body of the Hiccup of this Berk. I am nothing like this!" he wanted to tear away his skin and muscles, "I am almost as thin as you, not as tall though, and I am not that strong. I am true Hiccupâ€¦ I love Astrid, and I hope she will marry me someday, Snotlout is a jerk to me, and the twins never listen to me, and youâ€¦ you are my friend. I need a way to go back homeâ€¦"

"But you are saying you are Hiccup, and that you are from Berk"

"I am not the same Hiccup, and this is not my Berk" he said before taking a deep breath, "the Berk where I come from does not fight dragons, or has the need to join the raidsâ€¦" and he told him of everything.

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*\*\*\*TO BE CONTINUED\*\*\*\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*PLEASE REVIEW, FAVE, OR FOLLOW. \*\*\_\_\_\_\_

## 2. The Wish Part 2

I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.

So it's going to be three parts instead of two. Thank you everyone for your wonderful reviews and suggestions!

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*Hiccup makes a small careless wish, which the god of mischief takes advantage of.\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*The Wish (Part 2)\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*\*Old Friends \*\*\*\*

"Fishlegs! Wait!" he tried to juggle the basket full of fish as he went after the lean man.

"No! No fucking way!" his face was turning red as he walked faster than he ever had in his life "I had it with you \_Hicc!\_" he sneered, "the so talented hero of Berk! You are not going to mess with me anymore!" did he think him that stupid?! He thought that maybe this was his way to rethink his life. Like his dad's midlife crisis when he tried to go from fishing to troll hunting.

He thought that maybe telling him all the big mistakes he had done would help, and then Hiccup tells him the most absurd tale in the known world!

"I give you my word I am telling you the truth!" he did not expect this response from Fishlegs, but then again, this was not the Fishlegs he knew.

"If you knew the Hiccup I know, you would know his word means shit!" he almost shouted. They were supposed to be best friends; those had been Hiccup's words. But as soon as he grew up he became the same kind of person they hated; a self-centered asshole that didn't care who got in his way; not his best friend, or the girl he had a crush on since they could walk.

"Fishlegsâ€|"

"You are telling me you come from a Berk where just about everyone rides a dragon" he turned and said as calmly as he could muster, "that you are missing part of your leg and ride at top of a Nightfury"

"I know it sounds crazyâ€|"

"Oh, it doesn't just sound crazy. Something is seriously wrong with you" he pointed at him.

He knew it sounded insane. Only for a slight moment he wondered if he hadn't indeed hit his head, and imagined it all. But, he remembered Toothless was waiting for him at the cove. The last rays of the sun started to disappear, and the moon started to show its pale face. He had to go meet him soon.

"You are saying that your best friend is a dragon named Toothless, a Nightfury of all dragons, and you ride on his back as if he was a horse" Fishlegs didn't know if to laugh, or scream at him for thinking him stupid.

"Yes," he sighed, "I know is hard to believe after allâ€|"

"Let me stop you right there," said Fishlegs with a teacher like tone, "I am going back home, and you are not going to follow me. I will stick to fishing, and you will stick to being the generous asshole that you have been since you hit puberty. You will not search for me again, and I will not kill you in your sleep"

Hiccup froze. There was so much anger and resentment behind those

calm and chilling words. He realized then that this Fishlegs would not be able to help him. He didn't blame him. The Hiccup from that Berk didn't sound any better than Alvin the Treacherous.

"For what is worth, I am sorry all of that happened" he said putting the basket down "I won't bother you anymore"

"No punch to the face, or threats?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nope, but thanks for listening" he sighed, "I hope the Hiccup from this Berk, dream or not, realizes what a massive mistake he made"

"Yeahâ€|" but he shook his head, "good luck with that"

He started to walk away, and Hiccup only watched. He swore he would never get annoyed with Fishlegs again. He missed his starry-eyed, overly analytic friend. The moon was now well out. He picked his basket of fish.

"Ask elder Gothi!" and though Fishlegs was almost out of sight, his voice rang clearly through the night.

"Thanks!" he shouted back. Well, the day wasn't a total loss.

\*\*\*\*Night Visit\*\*\*\*

He had gone to Toothless, and told him of what had happened that day. He felt better telling someone about it, even though that someone could only growl and croon in response. He hated it, though it had not been him directly that he was somehow involved on hurting his friends. He told Toothless of how different Fishlegs was, and he realized they were all different. Well, he wasn't sure about the twins yet, but from what Fishlegs told him he could guess no one was keeping their reins in check.

Also, as they ate by a fire, he realized his father had been right. He had been eating too little. He had been eating the same way he ate for his normal self, not this oversized testosterone machine. He ate more than double than what he was used to and yet didn't feel anywhere near full. Not wanting to take more of Toothless' fish he decided to go home earlier to dine some more and sleep.

"Night bud," he gave his friend a good scratch before leaving.

When he made it home, there was dinner already cooked. The coals were hot, and a pot of something delicious was over it. His mouth watered when he caught the scent of it.

"Dad?" he called, his father had never been a good cook, but he guessed there was a chance he was here.

"He already went to bed," he heard from the stairs before Astrid came down, "his leg was hurting, the healer just left"

"His legâ€|" what happened to his dad? He wanted to ask her, but he guessed it would be weird if he did.

She nodded before going to the fire to serve him a bowl. As she



picked the bowl, he noticed certain stiffness to her right arm. His whole stomach turned, and his appetite was gone.

"You don't need to do thatâ€¦" he said taking the bowl from her and putting it back, "thank you for looking after my dad"

She didn't say anything, but simply watched. He felt Goosebumps all over his body. She was studying him. It was as if her stare could cut through him and see who he truly was.

"Are you changing your mind?" she asked as she sat across from the fire. Where she could watch him and keep a barrier between them.

"About?" he asked.

"Us, getting married," she said through clenched teeth.

"I don't know," he said cautiously, "I guess you could say I haven't been myself"

She laughed before crossing her arms. It had been a sarcastic laugh. He felt as if he had been stabbed on the gut.

"Do you hate me?" he said looking at her arm.

"Yes," she said without hesitation.

He forgot how to breathe. He knew he should have expected this, just like Fishlegs didn't trust him at all, and Gobber seemed to despise him. Still, it hurt him so much. He loved her. When he was able to regain his breath he dared to look at her in the eyes. She didn't lie. She hated him. Her eyes burned through him, those eyes that he had once stared at in awe. He wanted to tell her the truth, but he knew her response would be much, if not worse than Fishleg's. A knot formed on his throat. He was trapped here, and never until then did he want to get out more.

He stood up, and felt the blood rain from his face when he saw her stiffen. She did more than hate him, she was terrified of him.

"I am going to bed," he said not being able to stand her eyes anymore.

She nodded gripping her robes on her sides. Though she was different from the Astrid he knew, he was able to understand her. She hated that she was afraid of him. Astrid Hofferson didn't do scared, she did the scaring. He had more than hurt her physically.

He didn't know what he was saying until the words were out of his mouth "I loved you," he was sure the Hiccup of that Berk didn't anymore; otherwise he wouldn't have taken so much away from her, "I admired you, and thought there would never be a prettier girl in the history of Berk than you and at the same time the best Shield Maiden we had ever seen. And I also thought I would never have a chance with you"

For a moment, her eyes softened but then she remembered the present, and her arm.

"I don't deserve you," he said before she could curse him all the way to hell "I don't know why I have caused so much pain. I have been trying to understand, but I just can't. Astrid, I know this is going to sound extremely weird, but if we get married or not, I want you to make my life hell"

\*\*\*\* Virtuousness \*\*\*\*

Before she could answer he went up the stairs to his room. He sat by his desk, looking at how empty it was. He hoped the Hiccup of this place felt the same way. The woman who he was going to marry him hated him. He was pretty sure everyone feared him. He thought of his fatherâ€¦ Well, at least he was happy, though the injury on his leg worried him.

\_She is lyingâ€¦\_

He shook his head. He was tired and hungry. He noticed a basin with clean water near his bed. After listening to the downstairs' door close, he undressed before cleaning himself. He took his time inspecting the many battle scars he carried. On his right leg, just below the knee he found one that looked like a dragon bite; a Gronkle's probably. This Hiccup had been lucky he didn't lose it. He found another scar on his back, and since he couldn't see it, he tried to guess what it was from tracing it. It was a stab wound, and he shuddered wondering what happened to the one who dared do it.

When he was done, he dressed on simpler robes and went down to dine. He found the stew was lukewarm, but still smelled delicious. He filled a bowl full before sitting by fire to warm his bare toes.

\_Idiotâ€¦\_

He shook his head again. He needed to find his way home soon, or he would go mad. He couldn't understand how he could ever live with so much hate around him, so much death, and so much hypocrisy. No one truly respected him, they feared him. That was easy for him to see. He wondered if the other Hiccup couldn't see the difference.

For starters, he understood the need to defend himself against Snotlout by hitting back, but the moment Snotlout knew better than to confront him he should have left it at that. Chasing him around for every little thing when he knew he could beat him easily didn't do anything good but feed his ego. Snotlout had probably learned some humbleness but after being beat just for nothing he probably had lost much of his confidence. He was probably a good warrior, but he could be a formidable warrior if he had more confidence on himself. He hoped this didn't cost him his life.

Maybe he could apologize to Gobber too before he found his way out of that place. The old warrior deserved all of his respect. He admired him for staying so strong after losing his limbs. He knew that he wouldn't have been able to overcome the loss of his foot without him. From seeing Gobber go on his daily routine as if nothing reminded him every day that the world didn't end where his leg did; that he was an able Viking, and still had much to offer. Yes, he would apologize to him and ask him also to make his life hell if he behaved like a jackass again.

Then what he had done to Fishlegsâ€¦ that was just cowardly. Fishlegs wasn't violent and preferred to stay away from confrontation. The Hiccup of that Berk probably knew that he wouldn't fight back. From the way his parents treated him he was sure they were not aware of Fishleg's scars, or if they were they were exceptionally good at hiding it. Even as the son of the chief he didn't have the right to torture him. In the contrary, he had to make sure to reassure his friend and everyone that he would do anything for them.

It made him sick to his stomach to think people thought they respected him. They could count that he would hurt them if they went against him, but he didn't believe any of them thought he would fight for them.

He rubbed his tired eyes before serving himself another bowl of stew.

"You are such an idiotâ€¦" he said to the empty air, "you got all this strength, but you choose to hurt them"

He ate the last of the stew and stood up. He had to hold on to a chair at once. He felt dizzy.

"â€¦\_Hiccupâ€¦\_"

"Yes?" he turned his head looking for where the voice had come from but lost his balance and fell knees first to the floor, his hand still on the chair "whatâ€¦"

"â€¦\_get upâ€¦\_"

There was no one else in the room. He realized that Astrid had put something on the stew. His eyes drew to the wall by the door. His battle-axe was not there. He knew there was a sword and shield upstairs, so he started his way there. He almost crawled up the steps. When he reached his room and held to the door frame. His eyes were drawn to his open window. He was sure it had been closed before. He looked around the room and spotted the sword and shield leaning against the wall. He started his way there, trying to keep his concentration for any movement in the shadows.

He was able to make it as far as his desk before another wave of dizziness assaulted him.

"Hicc?" he turned to find Astrid standing before him on a thin white gown.

"Astridâ€¦" with her long hair loose and beautiful blue eyes she seemed to radiate under the light of the moon "â€¦ what are you doing here?"

"You have changed, haven't you?" she asked as she placed a hand on his cheek.

"Iâ€¦" he was hit by another wave of dizziness.

"You speak like when you were friends with Fishlegs, you ramble on too much"

He frowned, "I don't ramblâ€|"

"Yes you do," she said before she placed her lips at top of his. He didn't feel anything but gut warming. He wasn't sure if it was the stew or something else. Noâ€| he couldn't. Not with her. She had done something to the stew.

"Stopâ€|" he stepped back

"You never asked me to before," she said with a mischievous smile.

"No," he shook his head. He couldn't have taken her before because he knew she wouldn't have done it willingly "no" he tried to convince himself.

"Your father is deep asleep, he won't hear anything" she whispered

"Noâ€|" he shook his head again and stepped back.

"Hicc?"

"Please don'tâ€|" he leaned against the wall, his eyes wide with fear. It kept coming back to his mind. He kept wondering if the Hiccup from that Berk had taken her against her will. Tears started to burn his eyes, "please don't tell me Iâ€|"

"It's okay," she whispered before she slid off one of the straps of her gown, "no one will know" she said before sliding the other off. Now the gown only held on to her hips. Her chest was wrapped, she started to fumble to remove the binds, "please help me" she said, but he stood where he was. He looked away when the wrappings fell. He dug his nails to the desk.

He heard her soft bare steps on the wood. Her arms wrapped around his neck until her fingers intertwined behind his neck. She pressed against him. His breath hitched. He couldn't help placing his hands on her hips when she pressed her lips against his once more. He kissed her tenderly, stealing away her breath. For a moment, he forgot she was not his Astrid. His fingers were gentle as he dared trace her hips. Then she drew his hand at top of one of her breast. His eyes snapped open then, and he remembered his Astrid would never do something like that. He pulled back as if she was on fire.

"Hicc?"

"Please don'tâ€|" he said looking away from her. He turned around. He wouldn't be able to resist her for long "please leave"

"Hiccup," she said his name before stepping towards him. She placed a hand on his shoulder before running it through his hair.

\*\*\*\* Inner Chaos \*\*\*\*

\_IDIOT!\_

She pulled his head back harshly.

His heart stopped when he felt her breath on his ear and a small blade touching the tender flesh of his throat.

"It ends here" he heard her say before his hand wrapped around the blade.

"\_I don't think so" \_he heard the same voice as before then he lost control, and in one swift motion he was twisting her arm in a painful angle.

He was able to see her face. Astrid was looking at him with shocked eyes.

"\_I never lower my guard, especially around you" \_he took the blade from her with his other hand as the other bled.

"Screw you" she sneered at him.

"\_Soon my beloved, don't be in a rush" \_

Hiccup was sure he had lost it now. He couldn't control his body or words. Worst, he was hurting her again.

\_This isn't your body to start with you fool! I can't believe you turned your back on her! \_

\*\*You areâ€| \*\*He realized it was the Hiccup of that Berk.

\_I have been here the whole time, only being able to watch. Listening to your constant rambling! Yes, you ramble a lot! \_

\*\*It's you! You bastard! \*\*It was that jerk. He wanted to hit him, shout at him, something! He didn't deserve to be alive after causing so much pain.

\_Stop whining, don't you see I just saved your life. I am doing something for someone else, isn't that what you wanted? \_

\*\*Right!\*\* He laughed in his thoughts, \*\*you were only saving your own skin. For all we know, if one Hiccup dies, the other will be able to return home.\*\*

\_Don't call me that disgusting name! Don't you get I am not a hiccup like you. \_

\*\*So that was whyâ€| \*\*

\_Aren't you supposed to be the smart one? Now watch and learn. \_

He watched as this other Hiccup pulled her to the bed and threw her there before pinning her down with his body.

\_"I was hoping I could take you until our wedding night," \_he said in a sickly sweet voice.

"Let me go!" She screamed

"\_It's your own fault for thinking I had lost it. My father's leg is fine, but I got to admit that putting a sleeping potion on our food was quite smart" \_

"You bastardâ€|"

"\_I have heard it all before from you my beloved, nothing you say can hurt me"\_

He ravished her mouth with his own. She swore the man she had kissed before was an entirely different one.

\*\*No, no, no! \*\*Meanwhile, Hiccup swore he was in hell. He could see she was close to tears. \*\*Astrid doesn't cry, she makes others cry!\*\*

\_Shut it already!\_

He was hurting her againâ€| He was going to do something unspeakable, and all he was going to do was watch.

\_\*\*\*\*\* He was a monster\*\*\_\_\*\*\*\*\_

\*\*I will never be able to look at her again, or tell her how I feel\*\*. \*\*I will probably watch her marry someone else\*\*. He decided that he would never marry, and he would watch her raise her kids and then become a grandmother. \*\*I might as well say my life is over.\*\*

\_I can't do this with your constant rambling! \_The other Hiccup cried out as he pulled himself up and off Astrid.

\*\*Please don't hurt her.\*\* Said Hiccup realizing he had some control back.

\_I wasn't going to! I was just going to scare her, and by the way, I have never slept with her. She was just pulling your chain.\_

\*\*Thank Odin.\*\*

\_You are a virgin back home, aren't you?\_

\*\*I love her, have you ever heard of the expression you asshole.  
\*\*

Astrid watched in confusion as countless emotions crossed his face. At moments, he would look at her tenderly as if he was afraid to break her. Then his eyes would narrow and stare at her as if she was his worst enemy, which she was. She wondered if he had finally lost it. He had been acting strange since his return; everyone had been talking about it. They thought that the many battles had finally worn him down, but when he talked to her in that mocking tone she was able to see him whole again.

"\_Go home," \_he told her with a tired tone. He was tired of discussing with the hiccup, and also the potion that Astrid had placed on the stew would wear out soon, and the hiccup would be in control again.

"I won't marry you," she said as she rearranged her gown, "I will kill you first and if that failsâ€|"

"\_Is it that bad to marry me?" \_he asked her. He knew exactly what

she would do if she couldn't kill him.

"What do you think?" she rolled her eyes at him.

"\_Go before I lose my patience," \_he told her as he picked her bindings that were discarded on the floor. He threw them back at her before sitting against his desk, \_"hurry, or people will start to think you came here seeking my company"\_"

She had been about to talk back to him, but then saw a new emotion on his face, one she hadn't seen in a long time. His eyes, she once had thought of them as beautiful, were filled with regret. Something had just happened; still she didn't stay to investigate. She wouldn't test her luck anymore that night.

Hicc sat on his bed when she was finally gone. He was losing the remaining of the control he had, and also exhaustion was setting in.

\*\*Thank you. \*\*Hiccup said feeling at ease.

\_Whatever. \_Said Hicc, \_just make sure to listen to me next time, she will try something again before the wedding.\_

\*\*Why don't you let her go? You don't seem to care for her.\*\*

\_What I do is none of your business. You only want to get out of this hell, as you call it, right?\_"

\*\*Yes, \*\*Hiccup said, though he wanted to help them too.

\_You are not here to play hero. I am the hero here, and don't you laugh! I am a hero! I have slayed more men than any other!\_"

\*\*You are nothing but an attention seeking bastard. You only want glory. You care for no one but yourself.\*\*

\_Shut it! You don't know anything about me!\_"

\*\*I know more than what I would like to!\*\*

And with that he regained control again. He could hear Hicc shouting curses at him in the back of his mind. He would make sure to leave before he was able to hear him again.

As he lay on the bed, after placing Astrid's knife under his pillow, he dared close his eyes after he was sure she wouldn't come back. He slept dreamlessly.

\_\*\*\*\* \_Father\_ \*\*\*\*\_

Hiccup ate breakfast at home; sure to make all the ingredients were safe. When his father woke up for breakfast, he did with a yack sized headache. He couldn't remember what had happened the night before.

"Morning son, ready for the big day tomorrow?" Stoik said as he sat on his chair, then he noticed something strange "where is Astrid?"

"At her house, I guess" he answered as he stirred the stew he was making.

"So she didn't stay to eat?"

"She hasn't come all morning," he said confused.

"Then who did that?" Stoik asked, looking at the stew.

"I did"

"You did?"

"Yes,"

"And it's edible?"

Hiccup sighed "yes, it's edible" he said before serving his father a bowl. Stoik stared at it in suspicion. It looked edible, and it smelled good, but never had he seen his son cook something that wasn't meat against a fire in the woods "eat it already"

Stoik tasted a little bit before digging in. It was actually delicious. He had to admit it tasted even better than the one Valhallarama used to make.

"When did you learn to cook like this?" he asked as he got another portion. Hiccup shrugged. He still cooked for him and his father almost every night. It was one of the few times they could spend time together that wasn't awkward. Both usually concentrated on eating and sharing a few things from their day.

"Astrid is a lucky girl. Had I known I would have made you cook more often! Too bad the wedding is just a day away, I guess it would look bad if I asked your bride to wait a few more days" Stoik joked.

"Can't we?" Hiccup added.

"Hiccup, you are not changing your mind, right?" he asked cautiously. He remembered when he was about to marry Valhallarama, he was a nervous wreck.

"I don't know. It's just that she actually doesn't seem happy" he said sitting with his food.

"Really? What makes you say that?" asked Stoik in sincere wonder.

"I broke her arm," he said flatly.

"It was an accident while sparing Hiccup. You shouldn't let that keep you. After all, she said she didn't have any hard feelings," Stoik said in complete obliviousness.

So that was how he had explained it. He had probably forced her to shout that at the four winds, and his father believed it.

"Dadâ€¦ are you happy with the kind of man I am?"

"Where is that coming from?"



"I need to know. Do you like that I am like this, a Viking through and through?"

"Son, you are not perfect. I am well aware of that if that's where you are going, but I trust you and I know you will become a great Chief when the time comes" of course, he was pretty sure he didn't know everything about his son. He knew he was no longer friends with Fishlegs, and could make Snotlout pee his pants with one glare, but that didn't make him a bad kid.

"And what if I wasn't like this," he couldn't help asking, "what if I was a hiccup, would you feel the same?"

Stoik laughed, "Sorry son, your mother picked the name because when you were born you were so small. No one thought you would grow like this"

"But if I hadn't, let say I wasn't such a great warrior, andâ€¦"

"Wait," Stoik stopped him. He stood up and went to look through some containers in the kitchen, "I was sure it was aroundâ€¦ here it is!" he said before returning to sit "son, I would be proud of you still. I know that if you were still a hiccup you would find a way to make me proud" he said before showing him a spy glass he could tell he had made.

"You kept thatâ€¦"

"If you were a hiccup, I know you would have created a lot of things like this. I always take this spyglass with me when traveling, because it is the best I have ever seen and because it reminds me how lucky I am to have you for a son"

"I am such an idiot," he said standing. His father had already told him he was proud of him. He had done so before he confronted the Red Death. How could he have ignored that?

"Were you really worried about that?" Stoik asked, "is that why you sign for the raids every time? Son, I told you, you don't have to. I know you are strong, but we could also use you here when the dragons attack. You would be able to save many of the provisions"

Hiccup nodded, "I will think about it. I got to go" he said before Stoik could say anything else.

\*\*\*\* Outcast \*\*\*\*

"Hey Hicc!" he wasn't even half way to Gothi's shack before he heard a familiar voice. His cousin was running towards him with a worried expression.

"Snotlout, what is it?" he asked.

"You won't believe who made it to the docks. Ruffnut!"

"Ohâ€¦" he said not understanding the big deal.

"And she said she got your name on her blade!"

Now, that sounded like a threat.

"Let's go! She is challenging you to a duel!" he just about dragged him down to the docks. Hiccup was glad he had decided to carry his sword and shield with him (in case Astrid decided to make a surprise attack). He got a seriously unpleasant feeling about an angry Ruff.

By the time they made it to the docks just about the whole tribe was there. Ruff stood on the dock looking tired and angry. He couldn't help to add lonely in the back of his mind. Where was Tuff at?

"You maggot!" she said through a sneer before drawing her sword, "you will pay"

**\*\*What did you do to her?\*\***

\_Nothing! She is the one who stabbed me! \_Hiccup remembered the scar on his back. So that was from Ruff, but why?

**\*\*Why?\*\***

\_She blames me for Tuff's death last year. We were away in a raid, and we split up. By the time I found him he was already dead with an arrow through the heart.\_

"You told me you would look after him if I stayed!" she screamed at him, "why didn't you look after him!"

He couldn't believe Tuff was dead.

\_It was Tuff's idea that she stayed in Berk and to split up. It was a small village, and they didn't have strong warriors. We didn't count on them having good archers. It was an accident. The only reason why she is still alive is because Tuff asked me to marry her after we came back from battle. I can't marry her if she hates me, but the least I could do is let her live, even if it was as an outcast.\_

**\*\*You threw her out of the island!\*\***

\_It was either that or decapitation. Dad wasn't too happy about me almost getting killed.\_

Alright, so he understood that this wasn't Hicc's complete fault. Still, he should have known how to manage this better.

"I won't fight you Ruff," he said, and everyone gasped, "what happened to Tuff was an accident. We are Vikings, and it shouldn't come as strange when things like that happen"

"But you told me to stay!"

"Your brother wanted you to stay" sighed Hiccup, "he didn't want you at any raids because he was about to arrange a marriage for you.

"You are lying!"

"I am not," he said as calmly as he could before walking towards her, she lifted her sword to point at him, but he simply moved it to the side with his hand until they were face to face, "I am sorry I couldn't save him" he could feel Hicc getting upset at the confession. Ruff was probably still looking for a responsible for her brother's death. He was pretty sure Hicc never explained to her in full or apologized to her even though it was an accident.

\_I didn't find him dead. \_Hicc admitted, \_he was close to dying when I did, and he asked me to look after her, even if I didn't marry her.\_

**\*\*Why didn't you?\*\***

Hicc didn't answer. Hiccup got the feeling that Hicc had probably been too busy basking in his glory to bother stopping by her house and tell her all of this. Ruff assumed the worst and went to kill him. After almost killing him, there weren't any more chances to explain.

\_That's it, isn't?\_

Still Hicc wouldn't answer.

"I am truly sorry Ruff," he said again to the already shocked woman, "I told you I would protect him, and I failed. And he asked me to protect you, and I have failed at that too"

"Whyâ€| why now? Why didn't you search for me to tell me?"

"Because I was a prideful idiot; it's not every day that I get stabbed on the back" he said before he was able to get a smile out of her.

"Son?" Stoik heard all of it.

"Dad, could you please let her stay?" he asked, "it was a misunderstanding"

Stoik nodded before Ruff's mother and father ran to her and embraced her. They both sobbed in happiness at having their daughter back, specially after losing their son the year before.

"Thank you," she whispered softly.

**\*\*You better look after her when I am gone. \*\***He told the other Hiccup who still refused to talk.

**\*\*\*\* Gothi's Wisdom \*\*\*\***

The day was almost gone and just barely he had been able to make it to Gothi's place. Ruff's family had insisted on having him join to eat in the name of Tuff who died bravely thinking only of his sister's wellbeing. After that, he got picked by his father and given a scolding for not speaking up before, but told he had done well to admit his mistake. As the next chief, he needed to learn that his word wasn't always right.

"â€|possible!"

"Then how do you explain what just happened?"

"He playing us, of course"

Hiccup was standing outside Gothi's door, and he was able to tell right away who the voices belonged to inside.

"But that would explain why he knew the Nightfury had gone into my smithy when no one else did," he heard Gobber.

"I still don't believe it," said Astrid, "Gothi, please tell us. There has to be a more reasonable answer to this"

"But Astrid," said Fishlegs, "it makes perfect sense. The Hiccup we know would never apologize, or say anything like what he did today"

"Ah!" Hiccup jumped back when the sharp of an axe came through the door.

"He was eavesdropping!" shouted Astrid slamming the door open.

"Sorry!" he said lifting his shield.

"See?" said Fishlegs.

"Come in here brat, ya got a lot to explain" said Gobber before Hiccup went in. He sighed as he was made to sit across from the elder and retell his tale. No one said anything as he did, but he could see misbelieve crossing their faces more than once for exception of Fishleg's. At the end elder Gothi stared at him silently before looking at Gobber, "Gothi says he is telling the truth"

"What?" Astrid said in misbelieve, "that can't be"

Gothi started to draw on the cold ashes before her. She drew two lines intertwining at different points.

"I just want a way back home," said Hiccup tiredly. He didn't understand what the drawing meant.

"Your destiny and Hicc's destiny are different and the same. Some things are meant to happen only to you, and other only to him. But others you both have to do" explained Gobber, "You were born a hiccup, you got a good head over your shoulders, but you don't share the same body type or attachments"

"And I am not a jerk" he added.

"Or so you say" said Astrid.

Gobber studied Gothi's drawings before a frown covered his face.

"What is it?" asked Fishleg's looking at the words Gothi had written next to one place where the lines connected.

"What's the walking death?" asked Gobber.

"The Red Death," Hiccup gulped, "I have to defeat it again?" the old woman nodded, "but why?"

The old woman opened her mouth, something they had only seen her do to eat, but this time she spoke "you were sent here by the gods for a reason" her voice was soft, "you saved your home before, now they are asking you to save this Berk too"

This started a discussion between the Vikings in the room. Astrid still didn't believe he was a different Hiccup while Fishlegs drilled him on how he had killed the Red Death. Gobber was trying to convince them to tell Stoik, and the rest of the tribe so they could set up an assault.

Gothi in the meanwhile was looking at a corner of her small shack. Her ancient eyes rested on a silhouette that she could barely see, but knew it was there for a reason. Loki smiled at the old woman for figuring out the rules of his game, though he would have preferred if it had been Hiccup the one to figure it out. Still, he would get to see the boy fight the Red Death for a second time. Nothing could beat that.

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*\*\*\*TO BE CONTINUED\*\*\*\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*PLEASE REVIEW, FAVE, OR FOLLOW. \*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*Next to be updated will be How to Find a Dragon.\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

### 3. The Wish Part 3

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*Thank you everyone for following this story and commenting on it. For those who have taken the time to share your idea with me, I am even more grateful. With your help, this story will be greater than I ever thought possible.\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\*\*Here is the last part of the THE WISH. Next story will be THE SWITCH.\*\*\_\_\_\_\_

THE WISH (Part 3)

\*\*\*\* DÃ©jÃ Vu \*\*\*\*

Hiccup was thankful that Hicc, though even tall and bulky, was also somewhat agile. He dodged his father's sword once more by vending back.

"GET OUT OF MY SON'S BODY YOU DEMON!"

"Stoik! It isn't like that!" shouted Gobber but he might as well be on the other side of the island. The chief would hear no reason whatsoever.

Toothless growled but stood his ground as Hiccup had asked him to. That afternoon he was surprised to see the two grown Vikings come into the cove. Gobber only seemed slightly surprised at the sight of him, but Stoik was a whole different matter. He launched at Toothless at first chance. Hiccup at once had blocked him, and tried to explain

to him at the same time. It hadn't gone well from there.

They had decided to go along with Gobber's idea of telling his father. He knew the closer they got how things actually went, the better. He just hoped that because Toothless still had his fin, it would mean Hicc would get to keep all of his limbs.

Hiccup drew his shield up before deflecting the blade to the side. He crouched before knocking his father's legs off with one good kick.

Inside him, Hicc was astounded. He had never been able to take his father down, and there laid the simplest answer.

"Please listen to me!" he couldn't help crying out, and felt a dÃ©jÃ vu, "dad, I am telling the truth. I am Hiccup, but from a different Berk. One in which we no longer have to fight dragons and live quite well"

"You came from Hel to torture me!" he shouted at Hiccup as he pinned him down.

"I do not! Why are you so freaking stubborn? I just told you I know the way to stop all the raids!"

"Why should I believe you?" he all but growled.

"You told me you would believe in me even if I was hiccup," Hiccup said as he stood up and sheathed his sword "well; I am a hiccup from where I come from. I am so scrawny that I get compare to a fishbone all the time. Still, you said you would believe in me" at hearing those words the chief found he was speechless.

"Stoik, he is saying the truth," Gobber intervened when he saw his friend go for his sword, "we already talked to elder Gothi, she even spoke to us"

"She spoke?" that was unheard of.

"She indeed did," said Gobber, "she said that for this Hiccup to go back home he needed to defeat the Red Terror"

"Red Death" Hiccup corrected

"Whatever, what actually matter is that you can get your son back, and stop the dragon raids if you listen to him," he said pointedly at a tired looking Hiccup. He went to scratch Toothless to calm him down.

"It's okay bud," he said before the shadow of his father befell them.

"What do you need?" he asked stoically.

"So you believe me?" he asked.

"I just want my son back," Stoik said before crossing his arms.

Hiccup sighed deeply. Well, it had gone better than last time. At

least Toothless wasn't in chains.

\*\*\*\* The Other \*\*\*\*

He should have known better. The main hall was filled with every single villager. All of them were staring at the captured Nightfury. They had tried to work out a way for Toothless to guide them without suspicion, but they all knew well the other Hairy Hooligans would not react well at the sight of the black dragon. At the end, it had been agreed by all but Hiccup to have Toothless chained just like last time to have him guide them to the nest.

"For Hicc!" shouted Snotlout raising his mug before others followed suit. Worst of all, he was taking all the credit for capturing the Nightfury. He sat next to his unimpressed looking friend and tried to offer a smile.

"I am sorry bud," he whispered loud enough only for his friend to hear, "I promise you won't be like this more than necessary"

The whole hall was filled with cheer. They would be taking on the dragon nest soon, and all their worries would be over. As if, Hiccup wanted to tell them of the other many challenges they would face after this. Still, it was up for them to figure out. As soon as the Red Death was gone, so would he. Many women invited him to dance or drink, but he declined them all. He didn't want to move far from Toothless in case someone tried something funny. Finally, someone offered him a plate with food. He looked up at Astrid.

"Yeahâ€¦ I will pass," he said, "now and forever"

"I swear is safe to eat," she told him still holding the plate towards him.

Hiccup couldn't help rolling his eyes before he took the plate. He offered it to Toothless to sniff, once the dragon gave his approval he proceeded to eat.

"A thank you would be nice,"

"You tried to kill me,"

"No, I was trying to kill Hicc, not you. You seem like an alright guy" she said sitting next to him, "so this is Toothless," she said in wonder as the dragon sniffed her curiously.

"Don't get too friendly, or others will start to wonder," he said.

"They are too drunk to care," she said, and it indeed seemed like it, "soâ€¦ are we like lovers where you come from?"

Hiccup almost choked on his food before looking away with a blush, "no, we are only friends" he bit his tongue to keep from saying more.

"Really? The way you were looking at me that time said something else," she said.

"Iâ€¦ I just had never seen a womanâ€¦" he was thankful that the

tribe was too busy eating and drinking to notice his ever growing blush, "the Astrid I know would never do something like that"

"Really? How is she like?"

"She looks the same as you actually, except she rides a Nadder"

"A Nadder? Why a Nadder?"

"Wellâ€¦ Stormfly, that's her name, is an extremely fast Nadder. She is the closest to being able to compete against me and Toothless. Astrid also takes exceptionally good care of her. She only feeds her best possible and grooms her every day. She is the envy of all the other Nadders"

"So I like pretty dragons in your Berk," she asked bored.

"Not exactly," said Hiccup, "she knows how important it is for Stormfly to look her best, so she does all of that because she cares about her. To us, riding dragons is more than just getting on the back of one and flying somewhere. They are our friends, and we trust them with our lives"

"Is Tuffnut alive in your Berk?" she dared ask.

"He is," he said with a pained smile, "I still can't believe he is not here. He is the most annoying guy I know, but he was also fun to hang out with as long as he wasn't doing something too crazy. I feel terrible for Ruff. Please be sure to hit Hicc once I am gone for that"

"You are a really nice guy, aren't you?"

"She helped," said Hiccup, "whenever I come close to letting my ego take over, she reminded me what is truly important. She is a good friend"

"You like her then?" she asked.

"What? What are you talking about? I told you we areâ€¦"

"But you like her, right? Your eyes get this little spark whenever you speak of the other me. As if she could do no wrong"

"Iâ€¦" he stopped when he heard Toothless chuckle.

"I will take that as a yes," said Astrid surprised that the dragon had given him away.

"Alright, alright. I love her, happy?" he said flustered.

"Wow, wait there. I asked you if you liked her, but you love her"

"Yes," said Hiccup blushing even more if possible, "I love her. She is the bravest, most noble Viking I have ever known" there, he said it.

She realized this guy was serious. She couldn't believe words like



that could come out of Hiccup's mouth. He loved someone that wasn't himself. She was kind of jealous of this other Astrid. She wondered if she felt the same way. She tried to imagine a scrawny Hiccup, and it wasn't so hard to. He had that goofy smile and that knick for getting into trouble. Yeah, she could see herself falling for someone like that. Sadly enough he wasn't meant for her.

"Thanks" she said in a quiet voice.

"For what?"

"For trying to save us, not that you got any choice"

"Hey, even though you are not the friends I know, it doesn't mean I will let you all die" he said with a gentle smile, "and besides, the more we can postpone that wedding the better, right?"

She couldn't help smiling. That night they were supposed to be getting married, but due to the recent plan to take on the nest it had been postponed.

"What if I teach you to ride dragons, then you could leave the island with a clean consciousness after the Red Death dies"

"Really?" she asked, and he nodded in response.

\*\*\*\* Dragon Training \*\*\*\*

Hiccup waited for Astrid at the arena. He had forgotten how sad this place used to be. He could still smell the dragons' blood in the walls and floor. Seeing no one around he removed the collar and chains from Toothless; he hated to see his friend like that.

"Stay inside the pen, in case someone comes around" he told his friend before he heard someone scoff.

He turned to find Astrid and Fishlegs, along with a nervous looking Snotlout and Ruff.

"I thought I would only teach you," said Hiccup wondering how much they had told the other two.

"So they are serious," Ruff said in shock, "you intend on riding dragons to the nest"

"What?"

"As a last resource," added Fishlegs quickly.

Hiccup was out of words. He never said something like that!

"C'mon, let's see how you tame them," Astrid said with an excited smile.

He sighed knowing there was no way out. He went to open the first cage.

After the initial shock, he found them pretty much the same way they used to be. However when he saw Ruff struggling with the second head

of the Zippleback, he felt at loss. He could tell right away Ruff felt the same way. That dragon was meant for them, had they only defeated the Red Death a few years back she would be bickering with her brother over nothing.

"Wait here!" something came to mind, and he ran out of the arena.

"Is it okay for him to leave us alone with them?" asked Snotlout nervously as the Nightmare sniffed at him.

Toothless watched from inside the darkness of his cage, making sure not to make a sound. He observed them carefully. Just as Hiccup had mentioned they were similar, but not the same. The other Toothless, the one belonging to that world, kept asking him what was so captivating about those humans. He told him of how they behaved where he came from and how reliable they could be. The other Toothless cracked a laugh at hearing this. Humans were not reliable at all. As soon as he was free he would take off somewhere else. At least with the queen dead he would not have to worry anymore about keeping the other dragons safe. That was the only reason why he had remained in those islands for so long.

Toothless wished to hit himself right then. He had forgotten how resentful he could be. Of course, he had detested the humans for a long time for killing dragons when all they were trying to do was survive that tyrant. But the humans didn't know of their situation, and the moment they did they took action. Though, it had not been in purpose, they had done something. The boy had spared his life when he didn't have to, and in return he saved his.

The other Toothless told him the boy had done nothing for him, and as well. He didn't like that Hicc guy. He had heard tales of him before. He was nothing like the boy the other him told him about.

Finally, he saw Hiccup return with some rigs and collars.

"Come here," he said gently to the Zippleback before he placed a collar on each of the long necks. They both had harnesses to which he attached a long leash. He had Ruff stand on the base of the two necks. He knew she might get tired during long flights, but it would be the only way for her to manage the Zippleback. He handed her the leash and with that she found she still belonged with this dragon.

"Ingenious!" said Fishlegs.

Hiccup smiled at that. It was good to know his brain was still useful, even in that Berk.

\_I could have come up with that, \_said Hicc from the passenger seat, and sincerely he had seen the possibility too. He might be bigger and stronger than the hiccup, but he also retained some of his sharp mind. He just hadn't made use of it for a while.

Though they were short of time, he showed them how to ride. If Hicc didn't take a liking for riding dragons, he was sure they did. Hopefully with that the relation between the Vikings and the dragons wouldn't be so strained.

\*\*\*\* Voyage \*\*\*\*

Stoik watched as his son sat by the black dragon during the whole journey to Dragon Island. He had come to accept that other boy was his son too. He remembered the talk they had the other morning, and to him it did sound like Hiccup from a few years back. Still, it worried him this friendship he had with the dragon, but he guessed that was a job for the other him, wherever he was.

"Things won't ever be same, will they?" his old friend asked after noticing where he was looking, "he really cares for that dragon, doesn't he?"

"He said it saved his life," he still had a hard time believing that.

"Different Berk, it makes you wonder if there aren't anymore" since Gobber didn't get a response, he kept going "the gods are too cruel. They are using us to test that boy"

Stoik kept to his silence. He only wanted his son back.

\*\*\*\* Red Death \*\*\*\*

The ominous mist of the rock formations surrounding the Dragon Island came into view. As soon as they entered the mist Toothless started to show them the way. He crooned worriedly as they got closer and closer. Quite a few Vikings noted it was rather calm around Hiccup, but they didn't question it. They knew better as to question the son of the chief. Then the island came into view. Hiccup felt his stomach clench when he remembered how things had gone the time before.

"Keep your ranks together!" shouted Stoik as they left the boats.

Hiccup made sure Toothless was brought down from the boat this time. He stood by the locks knowing well what would happen next. Stoik set the catapults at ready. Hiccup had told him what would happen next. This made it hard for him to do.

"Dad! Wait!" he heard his son shout just after he had given the signal. He turned to find his son running to him with a worried expression.

The dragons left their next in large waves just he was told.

"Didn't you say you would ride that dragon to defeat that thing?" they could hear a rumble deep within the mountain.

"Dad, it's me!" he said when he reached him, "I am Hicc!"

Hiccup watched from the backseat surprised. One moment he had been getting ready to take on the Red Death, the next he was just a spectator. He had told Hicc to stop his father before it was too late, but now he could only watch as they ran away from the emerging beast. Just as before their boats were toasted.

\*\*Tell dad to make everyone go to the east side of the island and to distract it while we get to Toothless\*\*

\_Are you mad! He could get killed!\_

\*\*It's the only chance we got. \*\*He worried to, but they had to do it.

Hicc couldn't remember ever being so scared in his life. He told his father exactly what Hiccup told him.

"I will help him!" shouted Gobber.

"Move everyone to the east side of the island!" shouted Stoik at Spitelout who at once started shouting orders to the panicking Vikings.

\*\*We have to get to Toothless and free him. \*\*

Hicc ran the opposite way all the other Vikings were going. He went right to the Nightfury, but when he got there he felt almost all hope leave him. The beast glaring at him wasn't the hiccup's dragon. It was the Nightfury that had never befriended a human boy. It glared at him with spite.

\_We might have a problem here.\_

\*\*So I see. \*\*He couldn't believe the gods would do this to them out of a sudden, but they had no other choice.

"\_OH NO! I AM NOT RELEASING HIM LIKE THAT!" \_he couldn't help shouting. The dragon growled at him.

\*\*Believe me, he will not hurt you. He is still Toothless.\*\*

Hicc hurried and removed all the chains and collar. When he was done the dragon glared at him even more, waiting for him to attack, but neither did. There was a moment of understanding between the two of them then. Hicc wanted to save his tribe, and the Nightfury wanted to save the other dragons.

"If we do this, it doesn't mean we are friends," he said to the Nightfury who agreed.

Hiccup wanted to roll his eyes at them. They were a stubborn bunch. Hicc got on his back.

"LET'S GO!" he heard someone shout, but it wasn't him. He looked up and saw Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, and Ruffnut riding the dragons the hiccup had taught them to ride.

\_Don't just stand there! Go help them!\_

"Alright dragon, let's do this," he said before they took off into the sky.

The others were attacking the Red Death and making it mad. Hiccup wished he couldn't believe they had forgotten their dragon training.

"Ruff keep making it mad!" shouted Hicc, "Snotlout, Fishlegs try to blind it! Astrid, help me shooting at its wings and back!" he shouted at the top of his lungs before they all followed.

**\*\*I am quite impressed. \*\*Admitted Hiccup, \*\*you were actually listening.\*\***

Only an idiot wouldn't in a situation like this.\_

Hiccup watched as they did just as he had said. Ruffnut shouted at it at the top of her lungs. Fishlegs was actually using fishing spears and was successful at getting one of the, making it even more upset. Imagine it's shock when Snotlout stabbed at another after landing at top of its head. The beast was beyond furious. Meanwhile, he and Astrid shot at its back and wings. They had to weaken it as much as they could.

"Bet you didn't expect that!" Astrid shouted as she shot at the wings of the Red Death.

"Knowing you! It isn't that much of a surprise!" he shouted back at her.

"Hicc?!" she shouted shocked.

"The one and only!" he laughed loudly, "keep going Astrid, and I might decide not to marry you!"

"Make that a promise!" she shouted him. He sounded different, still a showoff, but nonetheless changed.

"If we survive, you bet!" he shouted back at her.

They shot at it until Astrid's Nadder ran out of shots.

"Get Snotlout off there, Ruff! Everyone move back!" he shouted at them before did as he asked.

**\*\*Shoot at it and then make it follow you into the sky. \*\*Hiccup told him. Hicc rolled his eyes at his counterpart. Hadn't he already told him he had been listening?**

"Alright dragon, let's finish this!" the dragon roared in agreement as they went higher and higher. The Red Death was following them with tattered wings. This was greater than any battle he ever fought. He was terrified and excited at the same time. He knew exactly what needed to be done. As soon as it was over, he would be declared the greatest hero in Viking history.

"Be careful Hicc!" he heard someone shout from below at the top of their lungs. He spotted Ruff with her clear eyes fixed on him. Then he also noticed Astrid, Fishlegs, and even Snotlout looking at him also with worry.

**\*\*Alright! I get it!\*\***

Hiccup didn't make any comments. He knew what Hicc meant.

"Let's do this for everyone. Viking and Dragons!" the Nightfury screeched as they entered the dense clouds in the sky. Maybe, this human wasn't so bad.

Hiccup felt as if he could relax. Part of him even wanted to stay to

see how Hicc would do now that he had full control again. He saw the same as Hicc saw. They navigated through the clouds shooting the Red Death with all they got. Below, just like his father had told him, they would only see flashes of light. It was sort of cool.

\_Are you kidding! We are kicking butt! \_Hicc celebrated just before the Red Death started to spin sending fire all around. It was time! Hicc had the Nightfury shoot at its head before they dived down. Just as expected, it followed them. When the clouds were gone, and the ground came into view Hicc felt as if his heart was stuck on his throat.

"NOW!" he shouted before the Nightfury turned and shot at the already mouth filled with green gas.

\*\*Get out of there fast! \*\*Hiccup really didn't want to see him hurt. He watched as they evaded the large body, but there was something neither Hiccup had thought of. Hiccup had time to get used to flying with Toothless; they were able to read each other's movements easily. At top of that Hicc was not a hiccup. He was a lot much heavier, which slowed the Nightfury down. They evaded most of the body of the Red Death as the explosion of its exploding body threatened to swallow them. Then came the heavy bump looking tail. They were not fast enough to evade it.

\*\*NO! \*\*Hiccup shouted as the crash made Hicc fall off the dragon. He didn't lose full consciousness because of Hicc's sturdier form. He watched as a dizzied Nightfury caught sight of him as they fell. Right there and then, it could leave.

\_I am afraid, \_Hicc admitted in the moment.

\*\*Believe in him.\*\*

Then he felt as if a weight had been lifted off his mind. He knew Hiccup was gone. He extended his arms towards the dragon and believed in the dragon.

\*\*\*\* Morning \*\*\*\*

Hiccup woke up with a gasp. At once Toothless was at his side licking his face with worry. It hadn't just been a dream. All of that had actually happened. He could still feel the heat of the explosion licking his back.

"Do you think they are okay?" Hiccup asked his friend who gave him a confused look, "you don't doubt he saved him" he realized the dragon thought his counterpart had changed as much as his. He really hoped Toothless was right.

When he made it downstairs, he smelled something cooking. Confused he went down and found Astrid by the fire cooking. She was wearing a remarkably familiar looking dark blue robe. He felt Goosebumps all over his body, and the hairs of his neck stand.

"Hâ€|Hey Astrid," he said from the base of the stairs trying not to shake. Astrid? At his home cooking? "What are you doing here?"

He saw her take a deep breath, "I am here to cook silly, what does it look like?" she said with a strained voice, and holding an

exceptionally sharp looking cooking knife tightly. Then she heard the door slam open and close. She turned to find gone.

"Hiccup!" she shouted at top of her lungs, "you haven't even tried it yet!" here she was going out of her way to show her more feminine side and he decides to run away! Not caring about the silky robe that had taken her days to make, she grabbed the nearest axe she could find in the well armored home, slammed the door open, and went outside looking for him "I am going to kill you!"

Everyone around the village watched as the young Shield Maiden went after the next chief of their tribe. It was a truly entertaining sight; especially for a pair twins that watched from the top of their home.

\*\*\*\* The Conclusion \*\*\*\*

It had been a whole year since the defeat of the Red Death. Hicc walked around the village as dawn started to come by. A whole year, he couldn't believe it had been that long already. He walked to the docks where a young blonde man was loading fishing gear into his boat with the help of his trusted Gronkle. He waved his arm excitedly before the blond man did the same thing.

"Can I join you?" he asked, running to meet him.

"Do you remember how?" he asked with a teasing smile.

Hicc laughed before he caught his old friend in a headlock and started to give him an old customary nudge. After releasing him, the slender younger man tackled him. In the past something like that would have never taken him down, but now his balance wasn't the same it used to be. He wrestled with his friend until they both fell from the boat. At once, Fishlegs helped him to the rim of the boat.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," laughed Hicc. In the past, he realized, he would have snapped at anyone who asked him about this missing leg, but now he knew it was because his friend honestly cared. He had forgiven him, and he couldn't be more thankful for that.

"Hey, I was thinking about this new saddle model for the Gronkles," he started, "I noticed Meatlug has been having trouble when lifting off"

"I know what you mean, it looks as if we need something that leans more towards the back of their bodies" after they made it back to Berk from the Defeat of the Red Death, he realized he had missed talking to his friend like this.

After a brief breakfast in the waters, they returned to the village. Hicc helped his friend to carry the fish baskets back home before heading to the smithy. He found Gobber over the hot coals before telling him of Fishleg's designs. The old smith and he were not yet in the best of terms, but they were civil. Hicc hoped that someday he would be able to mend that rapture he had created between them

Hicc then went to training arena where a lot of young riders were waiting for him. Here he met with the Nightfury. He had tried to give

him different names, but once he saw him retreat his teeth he realized Toothless was the best name he could come up with. The dragon lived with him, but they were not as attached to the hip as the other Hiccup and Toothless were. The dragon had saved his life even though it didn't need to and in the process he had lost his left foot and shin, and the dragon had lost one of its tailfins. They understood each other, but yet they knew they were not that close. Hicc secretly hoped that would change someday.

After giving lessons, he went to the sparring fields. There, he found Snotlout give his all towards the one and only Astrid. The injury he had given her no longer gave her any trouble. She swung her sword and shield with a smile on her face. He couldn't believe he had almost taken that from her. She was the best Shield Maiden they had seen since his mother. She was happy riding her Nadder, and fighting; not with him.

He joined as usual giving his all, but not putting anyone down anymore. He taught them tricks that he had learned from the previous years of raiding.

"You better go home Hicc before she comes looking for you," said Astrid as she, Snotlout and Hicc rested by the shade of a tree.

"Too late!" said Snotlout with laugh.

Ruff came marching forwards, a swollen belly slowing her down a little bit, but none the less she kept going steadily towards him. He was standing by the time she reached them. They stood before each other; she with a glare and he with a nervous smile.

Though he was at least a head taller than her, she went and grabbed him by the ear "Come here dear husband of mine," she said sarcastically, "or lunch will get cold" and she dragged him away.

When they made it home, his father was already waiting for them at the table. Toothless was by the fire with a basket of fish, incredibly enough, also waiting. When Stoik spotted them, with Ruff still pulling at his ear, a smile spread on his face. It was the happiest and most proud smile he had seen on his father's face in years.

In the kitchen, inside a cabinet in a small box a spyglass rested waiting for its next owner. He would be a young boy of golden hairs. He would be named Tuffnut, after his uncle.

\*\*\*\* Small Talk \*\*\*\*

"How is your eye?" asked Stoik to his son as he tried to keep the smirk off of his face.

"Better, I suppose," Hiccup said as they ate dinner. He knew it had been a mistake to run away from Astrid, but he just couldn't help it.

"She is quite a lively girl, isn't she?" the smile was threatening to break through.

Hiccup shrugged; she was more than feisty, but that's what he truly



loved about her.

They continued their dinner as usual, mostly in silence. One or other would throw a comment here and there about their day, but nothing that would lead to an actual conversation. This was how they preferred their dinner.

"Son, do you want to go to the raids?" Stoik asked the question he had wanted to make all day.

Hiccup placed his spoon on his bowl before looking at his father in the eye, "would you like me too?" he asked.

"Sincerely," he took a deep breath, "not really"

"Oh thank Odin!" shouted his father in relief. He noticed the confused look his son was giving him, "those old sea wolves are not to be trusted son" he said, "don't ever forget that"

"That's why you didn't want me to go?" he asked unable to suppress his surprise.

"And because I know you would have hated it every minute of it," he said with a knowing smile, "I know I never said it aloud, but I was quite a blockhead when I was your age. All I did was so my name would be sung in the great hall at my return. It never impressed your mother. It was only until I decided to stay in the village to help my father that she started to notice my advances. When she said yes to me, I realized then that what I was truly meant to do was stay here and protect everyone"

"If I don't go, then they mightâ€¦"

"Try to take us on? Son, I don't think you realize entirely the immense change that you have brought to your tribe. With your knowledge of dragons and how to tame them, even they know they would never stand a chance. Because of you we are a lot safer than we ever were. Don't you ever forget that," it wasn't needed to add that he was extremely proud of his son. His smile said it all.

Hiccup matched his smile. He really should have known better, but he felt truly happy to hear it.

\*\*\*\* The end \*\*\*\*

â€¦

â€¦

â€¦

\*\*\*\* Nope, not really \*\*\*\*

Freya watched sitting next to Loki on a roof as the Vikings went on their usual day. She had been wondering where the mischievous god had been, and here she finds him. In an island, in one of the most remote corners of the world. She watched humans and dragons living alongside each other, helping each other. She was truly amazed.

"I can't believe you kept this to yourself only," she said as her

eyes were drawn to the ever lively Vikings.

"Have your fun if you must," he said leaning back.

"I am not here to have fun," though she admitted only to herself that she found them really amusing. Then, she spotted a young maiden chasing a boy around the village with a battle axe in hand.

#### 4. The Switch Part 1

I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.

Alright, before you start reading this chapter I just want to clarify that I am not a feminist because I don't like to be confused with the feminist that see, treat, and think of men as less. I believe, and you will see through the chapter that I am more of an equalitarian.

I am well aware that we have made progress from the times when women were treated like cattle and that we still need to progress some more. But, I also believe we are being rather selfish just thinking about us (women). I, as a young woman (I am 23, so yes. I am still young), think we also put too much pressure on men regarding how they should dress, talk, behave and so on (otherwise they face slander or are ignored by their peers, c'mon guys, think of Hiccup as an example). We must consider that many of the machismo like behaviors come most of the time from under the table ideologies that have somehow transcended our cultures (sometimes for political, religious, or other reasons), and if these ideas are not exposed, examined and reevaluated by each one of us there won't be a true change. As I wrote this chapter, I had to stop sometimes and thinkâ€¦ how would a guy feel about this? I mean, I could make this chapter about Astrid whining, and whining about the unfairness of gender roles during her time, and culture, but I won't.

I wanted to tell you here what the main idea had become for this story. But, I think it's better if I let you figure it out. Tell me if you get it, and what you think about it.

Astrid makes a selfish wish; the gods believe she needs a lesson.

**\*\*The Switch (Part 1)\*\***

**\*\*Awakeâ€¦ awakeâ€¦ awake!\*\***

It was a beautiful warm morning.

The birds and Nadder's chirped.

The sun was warm and beautiful.

And she wanted it all to go away!

Was that Thor hitting the side of her head with his hammer?

Astrid woke up with a killer headache. She cursed the Meat Heads for challenging her to a drinking contest. Still, she had shown them that even as a girl she could beat any of them. She was glad Hiccup had

already gone home and hadn't seen that. At the end, Ruff helped her out of the Great Hall so she could empty her stomach on the grass. She couldn't believe they could rattle her so bad with just some words. She was a Shield Maiden, the best Shield Maiden Berk had seen since Valhallarama.

"Soon ya' gonna be popping baibies gurl! Don' think so high of yer' self!" one of the Meat Heads said after she beat the first of their crew in drinking.

"Put your money where your mouth is!" though they were not betting she took another full cup.

"Ya' on gurl!" he said before they started chugging the sweet brewery.

She curled under her blanket and closed her eyes tightly. It was true that she was old enough to marry since two years ago. Her mother had tried to get her practicing her weaving more and more. She had also heard her father and older brother talk about her dowry. She was the only daughter of the Hofferson house, and they wanted to see her well off. Every time they started going over the possible candidates she searched for the nearest exit. She genuinely didn't want to know whom they had in mind. She bet Hiccup was in that list too, but her family was barely there in the social ladder, so he wasn't of the first choices.

She hated being aware of Hiccup's position. Stoic had been receiving marriage contracts to consider from the moment Hiccup arrived to the world. The chief had never agreed to any of them of course because he had chosen his wife based on his feelings. Still, Hiccup had many options before him when it came to marriage, and though they were good friends (or a little more at times) it was still remarkably tempting to marry a woman of his social level that could bring more stability to their tribe, and not forget a greater dowry.

Since the arrival of the other chieftains to their island a few days ago she kept hearing about the beauty and refined manners of the chieftains' daughters. Hiccup acted as if nothing, but she knew he had heard about it too. She realized then that she probably didn't stand a chance. Reason why she had gone to his house dressed on her best robe and cooked him breakfast. She still couldn't believe the idiot had run off as if the food was poisoned. That shiner she had given him was well deserved, but she also realized that now for sure he wouldn't look at her any other way than just a friend.

She heard someone shout somewhere, not helping her headache.

She decided she wouldn't get out of bed that day. It wasn't fair that she had to be sold like a sheep and then just stick to staying in a home where she would only do chores and raise kids. Love was extremely rare in arranged marriages. They could stand each other, or even become friends, but she knew that even if she lied to herself she would never feel the same way for the other man as she did for Hiccup. She realized there would many other things she would never get to do as well. She would never swing an axe or sword again. She would grow big, soft and slow. She would grow old and watch her children live through the same thing. She would probably outlive her husband, and then she would shrivel trying to remember her youth and die.

She remembered remarkably dimly those thoughts running through her mind the night before in her drunken stupor. She remembered crying aloud how angry she was at being born a woman. She had little to no choices in life! Ruff had laughed at her then, and then she had too, but she couldn't remove the black thorn that had embedded in her heart. It wasn't fair at all. Men got to be warriors all their lives. They got to drink with their friends in the Great Hall in the afternoons while their wives worried about having a neat house with the meals always on time. Ruff told her of how annoyed she was when her brother made a mess and then expected her to pick it up because she was a girl.

Still, what bothered her the most was that men saw women as possessions. They were their wives, they belonged to them. She honestly didn't feel any better than a sheep—well at least the sheep got to run around during the day, but she would be stuck at home tending to everyone but herself. It sucked to be a woman.

She heard someone shout again as her bedroom door slammed open, "Get up you lazy bump!" Astrid bolted upright and stared at her father in shock, "what time you think it is!"

"Iâ€|"

"You were fine, and dandy drinking last night, weren't you! Making trouble and undoing the ties our chief is trying so hard to build!" her father had never shouted at her like that. Her mother had, but never her father, "get dressed!" and then he left slamming the door shut.

She could only stare at the door for a moment. What had just happened? She swung her legs to the side before she spotted a rather hairy pair. Her heart skipped as she moved her toes and the hairy toes moved. She stood up a little dizzy because the ground was suddenly farther away. She felt a draft and realized she wasn't wearing anything on top. Her arms wrapped around her chest at once, but found her chest to be rather flat. She touched her bare chest and found her breast were gone; instead she found a light patch of blond chest hair. Then her hands were running through all her body. Her long hair was gone; the roundness of her face, her body wasn't hers anymore. Taking deep breaths, she looked down and opened her trousers to find something that hadn't been there before.

So that was how they lookedâ€|

A scream was heard through the entire village. Soon the Hoffersons entered the room of one of their sons and found him passed out on the floor.

The goddess Freya watched from the window with a worry. She wasn't so sure this would work, but Loki had assured her it would. She had heard the girl's claims the night before and felt the thorn in her heart as if it was her own. She knew the life of women was difficult, and that they required a different kind of strength; one that men didn't understand. One that didn't get told in the great sagas, but none the less it was great and just as important. Still, giving her what she wanted didn't sound like the best way.

"The healer said he had to rest, don't you dare wake him up," said

Mrs. Hofferson.

"I was not going to," said Mr. Hofferson in a low grumble.

Astrid heard them talk, but didn't say a word and kept her eyes closed. She wanted to understand what was going on.

"He is taking it quite hard," said Mrs. Hofferson, "you can't blame him for being upset"

"Upset or not he shouldn't have drunk so much," he said, "you know the old song"

"I know, but let him be this once. He has always tried his best, and to lose this one of all has to have felt as if he had fallen off his dragon and into the cold sea"

Still, Mr. Hofferson started to recite those words his father and mother told him when he was about his son's age.

\_Hǫlvarǫnn (Sayings of the High One) \_\*\*( - Source)\*\*

\_A better burden \* no man can bear  
>on the way than his mother wit:<br>and no worse provision \* can he  
carry with him  
>than too deep a draught of ale.<em>

\_Less good than they say \* for the sons of men  
>is the drinking oft of ale:<br>for the more they drink, \* the less  
they can think  
>and keep a watch over their wits.<em>

\_A bird of Unmindfullness \* flutters over ale-feasts,  
>wiling away men's wits;<br>with the feathers of that fowl \* I was  
fettered once  
>in the garths of Gunnlodr below.<em>

\_Drunk was I then, \* I was over-drunk,  
>in the fold of wise Fjalar;<br>But best is an ale feast \* when a man  
is able  
>to call back his wits at once.<em>

Mr. Hofferson hoped Odin heard his voice as he spoke those words that had come from the god himself once a long time ago.

After a few more minutes of fussing over they left her in her room alone and covered with blankets. As soon as the door closed she opened her eyes and took a look around. It was her room alright, and those had been her parents too. However, this was not her. In that moment, she realized she felt awfully hairyâ€¦ it was ratherâ€¦ warm? (I am just making a wild guess here guys) She shook her head in misbelieve. She stood up from bed and went to a basin of fresh water her mother had left. She looked at her reflection and almost wept.

Those were her eyes, but she also had a goatee and the beginning of a mustache. She resembled her brothers without a doubt in appearance and height. Her chin was very manly; she realized it was like her father's. Her long blonde locks were gone. Instead the sides of her head were shaven, and she sported tattoos that resembled Nadders.

Okay, that was actually cool. The remaining of her hair was brushed back and tied in a braid that barely reached her nape. Ok, ok, so she actually made quite a handsome guy.

As she washed while making sure not to look at that part of her body, she noticed she was actually quite fit. Besides being tall, she could bet that she could give Snotlout a run for his money in that body. After flexing her arm a few times, she hurried to her chest and pulled some clean clothes out. She put on a simple pair of dark leggings, leather boots, and a dark blue tunic which she held close with a rather ordinary looking leather belt. For a slight moment, she searched for her head band, but then thought she might look a little silly wearing a girl's accessory.

She didn't have an idea of what was going on, but she believed there was someone who could help her.

After she was fully dressed, she used her bedroom window to leave. She ran into the village expecting someone to shout asking what happened to her, but none did. Everyone and everything looked about the same for exception of a few people who kept their eyes on her. What she saw in their eyes was nothing but pure pity. Still, she didn't stop until she reached the top of the hill. She banged on the door with all her strength, which she hadn't realized until then was a lot more now. The door came undone, and fell into the house with a resounding boom.

"What are you thinking!" she heard a shrill voice, "Astor?"

And there stood a young woman with a long auburn braid over her shoulder, a fine light green tunic held close by a beautiful leather belt and a brooch. She was delicate looking with a soft figure, but what actually caught her attention were her eyes. She knew those eyes, green as the forest and as lively as fire.

"Hiccup?" she asked.

"Yeah, this is my house, remember?" she rolled her eyes at him before giving her the 'what did you think?' look before turning to the dragon watching them in the rafters, "now you get down here. Is just Astor"

Astor? Was she talking about her father him?

"What's wrong Toothless?" asked Hiccup, "come on girl, you know he is a friend"

Toothless glared at her as if she was a stranger. Could she tell something was wrong?

"Alright! Stay there, I don't care" Hiccup said frustrated before turning back to her, "and what do you want? Why have you come here?" the last question came almost as a whisper, "I can blame the door on Toothless, but you have to leave before my father returns"

"I don't understand," she said.

"Astor" she looked at Astrid with so much pain in her eyes, "you know well we can't spend time as we used to, now please go"

She couldn't move. There was a pain in her chest that had awoken at hearing those words and seeing her so sad.

"C'mon!" then someone was dragging her outside of the house and behind another one not too far. They saw Stoic climb the hill before going into his house.

"Are you crazy!" she finally turned to meet a familiar face; large expressive blue eyes, a soft round face, and a pair of buckteeth without remedy.

"Fishlegs?" he asked the plump young woman. Her hair was cut in a short bob, and seemed to be more manageable. She also wore a white dress with a brown vest at top of it.

"Who else did you think would save you? The twins or Snailly?" she sighed, "Astor, I know you are upset, but the agreement is already done"

"What agreement?" she finally asked. She got that she was supposed to be upset about something, but she didn't get what.

Fishlegs looked at her with wonder and pity. Fishlegs struggled with her words before biting her lips.

"What is it?" now she was getting seriously worried.

"You don't remember last night?" as the look of pain in Fishleg's eyes became deeper.

"Iâ€|" she suddenly didn't want to know, but it was too late.

"Hiccup announced that she had finally accepted a marriage proposal. Astor, she is getting married to Dagur the Deranged"

"Ohâ€|" she knew Dagur. He was a first rate jackass of the worst kind. She remembered how much he would bully Hiccup when they were kids. She had always detested him. Then Fishlegs' words clicked. The Hiccup she had just seen, gentle and small looking was going to marry the biggest asshole the Viking history would ever know. She heard Fishlegs shout as she hit the floor, again. She was barely there when her parents and siblings carried her home and laid her on her bed. But all the time she was aware of the pain that had awoken on her chest hurt more and more.

She dreamed of Astor's life. It wasn't that different from hers. He had strived to prove himself a formidable Viking. He practiced every day with his axe and sword. However, he had a crush on the daughter of the chief since he could remember, but never had the guts to say anything. Hiccup was still Hiccup; one misunderstanding after another as she tried to help the tribe in her own way. At top of that, she was overprotected by her father. Still that didn't stop her from shooting Toothless down too, and then befriending the dragon. He had fallen for her even more when she took him for a ride. And he had stolen a kiss or two whenever possible, which usually ended up with her slapping him silly. She Hiccup actually had quite a temper.

He had been working hard those years to have enough to arrange a marriage between them. He had worked his fingers to the bone and

more. He wanted to be worthy of her, and make her happy; the night before he had spotted Dagur whispering harshly at Hiccup. He saw her whole face loose color before nodding. Astor had gone after her, but she refused to talk to him. The next thing he knew she was announcing to the whole tribe and the other chiefs that she would be marrying Dagur the Deranged. Everyone had stood in silence for a moment, unable to understand what had just happened, but then someone clapped and everyone realized they had heard right. They clapped, but looked worriedly as Dagur would glance at the petit woman with something that was not love or even compassion at all.

Astor tried to get close to her, ask her for an explanation, but every time he was pushed back. Eventually, Stoic noticed him and pulled him to the side. He knew the chief wasn't happy with the task he had to complete, but he did. He told Astor to stay away from his daughter. From there he had utterly lost it. He challenged every single Berserker present into a drinking contest. He lost count of how many drinks he had, but he knew he beat them all including Dagur and some more. He remembered barely how Hiccup had looked at him with so much sorrow before he was dragged outside of the Great Hall by Tuff. His friend held him closely as he emptied his insides.

He cursed at how cruel women were and how much easier they had it. They could just marry a man of wealth and then forget about all their worries. They didn't have to live up to a family name, and they didn't have to worry about anything else but look after their children and home. If anything went wrong, the fault would be on the man. Women were cruel; Tuff had agreed before laughing his drunken ass off. Still Astor kept talking on how easily they could forget them when they found them no longer useful.

After that, he went home, undressed, and then collapsed on his bed. He had taken deep breaths trying to calm down. He was a Viking, a great warrior. He rode a dragon for Thor's sake! He was not going to cry for her. Not for Hiccup, not for the girl that could make the impossible happen. Not the girl that had turned his world upside down. Not the girl that by just smiling could make his whole day.

In the darkness of his room, he felt his tears run down his face. He kept saying that he wouldn't cry, but he already was. His heart was broken, and he didn't even know why. Well, he did know why. He loved her. He cursed again and again as he tried not to sob. He was a man, he kept trying to remind himself; there was nothing that could make a man cry, especially a Viking man—yet the tears kept running until he fell asleep.

Astrid woke up to look at the ceiling of her room. She felt tears run down her face, or Astor's face. She realized she would feel as helpless as he did when Hiccup picked a wife. They would have no other choice but to live with it.

\_I can't stand it. \_She heard Astor whisper.

\*\*I am so sorry. \*\*She whispered back.

It was just then that they both realized they were communicating together. It was rather bizarre because they both could feel they were the same person, yet they weren't.

Her mother came in and left food by the bed when he wouldn't answer



or turn around to see her. She tried to encourage her son, but he only shrugged. Her father came in too, and Astrid realized they had kind of an awkward relationship. Her father tried to tell his son that he would find someone else. Astrid felt Astor get upset.

**\*\*He is just trying to help. \*\*Astrid told him.**

\_Unless he kills Dagur, there is nothing he can do. \_Astor said before he became dead quiet. It was rather odd to have someone else in his mind, especially a girl. Still, he wondered if she would agree with his idea. Well, he kind of needed her to agree to be able to get it done.

**\*\*You are not thinking ofâ€¦\*\***

\_Why not? \_He asked. \_I bet you also figured out Hiccup doesn't actually want to marry that bastard. He threatened her with something, and she is too afraid to tell anyone.\_

Astrid did figure out as much, and a sly smile did make its way across Astor's lips.

**\*\*I am in.\*\***

Freya frowned now even more worried than before. What had she been thinking listening to Loki! He had played herâ€¦ Still, she knew she was at fault for listening to the jerk. As Astor and Astrid planned on how to get rid of the young chief, she too was thinking of a way to solve the issue she had gotten tangled into. There was only one person she could think of that would keep an all out war from starting.

**\_\*\*\*\*\*TO BE CONTINUED\*\*\*\*\*\_**

**\_PLEASE REVIEW, FAVE, OR FOLLOW.\_**

Please, let me know what you really think about this gender subject. I am really curious to know, especially since some of you are from cultures very far away from my own (Mexico).

## 5. The Switch Part 2

I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.

This was a tuff one! I hope everyone enjoys this chapter. Also, don't think that because I haven't answered back to some of your suggestions I have forgotten about them. When we get to those chapters I will go over them. You have my word. I am just trying not to think too much about future plots when the one right in front of me is giving me so much trouble (sigh). My mind tends to overwork itself. Like, right now, from just listening to a song I got an idea for another story with title and all! Why me! Yeah, I have a strong imagination, but it's not always funâ€¦ like now.

Enough ranting, let us move on to the storyâ€¦

**\*\*The Switch (Part 2)\*\***

**\*\*Thinkâ€¦ thinkâ€¦ think!\*\***

The sun had made its way up to the middle of the sky making the smithy even hotter than usual. Sweat ran down his face, but he didn't brush it away. Instead, he continued to work on the task at hand. Whoever saw Hiccup with such concentrated look on his eyes would think he was getting ready for battle, and that wouldn't be far off from the truth. The realization that something had to be done came to him in the middle of the night as he found it difficult to fall asleep. He had only been able to look at the old dusty ceiling of his room and hear Toothless soft breathing nearby.

He shook his head to keep his mind from wondering away. He couldn't believe he had been so dense. Hiccup had faced already many challenges in his young life. The most renowned was his victory against the Red Death; however, no matter what others thought or said, he believed his current challenge was the greatest of his life.

He needed to get Astrid to forgive him for running away from her and her food. When she had force fed him, almost breaking his teeth in the way, he knew he had gone too far somehow. It took Ruffnut slapping him across the head, and a few unkind words to make him understand why she had done that. He hadn't actually paid attention to what was being said during dinner most nights since the other chiefs arrived, but he realized that they did indeed talk a lot about the daughters of some of the chiefs. He knew his father's feelings about arranged marriages, so he didn't worry about his father forcing him into one. To any others it might not seem the same. Many Vikings married into certain families only for gain, especially chiefs, or someday to be chiefs to strengthen alliances.

He couldn't believe Astrid had felt threatened by that. She should know better, though he wondered if he would survive if he scolded her for that. Still, he needed to find a way to show her that he loved her. He stopped hitting the new axe he was making her. Once more, because of getting lost in his thoughts, he had messed it up. With a frustrated sigh, he threw it into the coals before going to sit at his work room. He stared at the design he had made for her axe. It was the most beautiful he had ever done if he just could get it done. He sighed once more before putting his head down on the table. Was the axe enough? And after that thought, he fell into a deep sleep.

Freya didn't know who to thank, but she was thankful that they boy had fallen sleep in the middle of the day. She pulled out the pouch Loki had given to her before taking out a little bit of night blue dust and blowing it over Hiccup. She hoped he would be able to figure this out before those two made an even bigger mess of things.

Astrid had never felt so hungry. How could guys stand it? She didn't care that her family was giving her odd looks as she swallowed everything that was before her. She could even hear Astor in the back telling her to slow down, but she didn't. She knew she would need all the strength Astor's body could provide tomorrow to do what they had planned.

"Mom?" whispered her brother with a worried tone as a devious smile came to her lips.

"Let your brother be," whispered her mother back, though she was also

worried for her son. She hoped that his appetite meant he was feeling better, though she was sure that smile meant he was up to no good.

Astor in the meanwhile only could watch and listen to Astrid rant.

\_I am going to kill him, I am going to kill him, no, first I am going to castrate him, and then I am going to make him watch as a Nightmare burns away hisâ€¦\_ \_AND he tried to tune her out after that, though it was difficult. \_Son of a troll rat eating bastardâ€¦\_ \_she had such a vast vocabulary, how could anyone ever ignore her. \_He already bullied Hiccup back home, but he had to do something worse! I will kill him in the spot if he even lays one finger on her. \_But he could see that they agreed on something, and that was the most important. He could tell she loved the Hiccup of her home.

\_Shut up! \_She heard him.

As they finally went to bed to sleep, they found that their minds couldn't stop turning. In that place where Astor was within his own mind, he saw the image of the Hiccup Astrid knew. He wasn't exceptionally strong looking, but he had that same smile and eyes. He saw he was missing the very same limb as his sweet Hiccup did. So they were more alike than he thought possible. He almost felt like laughing.

\_Does she like to tinker with things too?\_

**\*\*You wouldn't believe the things she has come up to. She is brilliant, though she is a terrible cook.\*\***

\_Hiccup is actually pretty good.\_

She remembered that the summer before they had all gone camping with their friends only. It was until they waited for dinner that they realized that only Hiccup knew how to cook. The twins burned everything. Fishlegs was too picky about the ingredients. Snotlout refused to even tryâ€¦, and she actually hadn't known how to cook that well back then. So they had left Hiccup to it. Though Snotlout and Tuff made fun of him, she didn't say anything at the time because she had actually felt jealous. She was a terrific Shield Maiden, no one ever could deny that, but Hiccup was a man, and he could cook better than her. That hadn't felt right with her, so she had taken the time to learn from her mother, and what does he do when she cooks for him? He runs away!

**\*\*Are you serious? You think guys shouldn't know how to cook? \*\***The indignation in his voice was quite clear, and she could tell there was some pride too.

\_No. no; it's not like that. I justâ€¦\_

**\*\*I heard you ranting this morning about how unfair it is to be a woman, and how unfair it is that you have to stay home looking after the house and children. Now, you complained because a man can do a household chore better than you? Make up your mind. \*\***And she recognized that tone, she didn't want to, but she recognized it perfectly.

\_Am I seriously this annoying?\_

**\*\*It's the truth, and you know it. Besides, if your Hiccup is like mine; I highly doubt he is the traditional type. I know that if our plan works, I will be the one cooking dinner every night.\*\***

And she knew he was right. Hiccup wasn't the traditional type. He never was, and he would never be. She could see him standing by her side the whole time. What was her problem then? She was scared, but that was as far as her mind would allow her to go.

In this Astor didn't voice any opinion though he understood her perfectly.

At home, Hiccup walked around her home not knowing what to do. She finally sat on her father's comfortable chair and sighed. She had to clasp her hands together because they wouldn't stop shaking. She had gone totally mad. She was crazy before, but now she was utterly insane. There was a voice inside her head, a man's voiceâ€” and it was talking to her, asking her where he was.

She refused to listen to him. She blamed it on the pressure of her wedding that would happen in only a few days. When exhaustion finally beat her, and she no longer could keep the voice away she had no other option but to listen. His name was Hiccup, but he came from another Berk. He didn't understand why this happened, but it had happened once before. Last time he had to help \_another\_ Hiccup beat the Red Death again, and he suspected that he was there to help her. He understood that she was afraid, but he didn't believe she would resolve anything by marrying.

From that point, she refused to listen again and fought it off until she fell asleep. He would never understand; she said to herself in the remains of her consciousness. She didn't have a choice. If she broke the engagement Dagur would use it as an excuse to start a war against them, and he already had most of the tribe on his side. She would not get them killed.

Astor Hofferson entered the Great Hall with an air of confidence and Vikingness, which was actually very natural of him. Still, no one could believe that after just one day of heart break, he was back and up as if nothing. Everyone remained in silence as he looked up at the main table where the chief, Hiccup and other chiefs were eating breakfast. He gave a confident smile before he went to sit with his friends.

"What was that all about?" asked Stoik to his daughter.

"No idea," she confessed, and when that voice tried to tell her to be careful she pushed it away again. Still Hiccup kept glancing at him, and every time she did he would smile at her in a way that made her heart ache.

\_We got her attention. \_Astor told Astrid who was a little too distracted with his friends. She had already met Fishlegs, and she had mentioned the twins were about the same, but Snailly was something entirely different than what she expected. She had thought the Snotlout of that world would be a slutty, ugly, and stupid girl that threw herself at him at every chance. Well, she did but not in such an obvious way as Snotlout did with Astrid.

Snaily was beautiful without a doubt with her long black hair, large eyes and well shaped body. She talked and walked like a lady of the highest class, and her laugh was like a soft chime. However, Astor knew that behind all that softness was a woman that did not forgive, was selfish, and would do anything to get what she wanted, and she wanted him. Whenever she smiled at him, he felt a shiver run through his body.

**\*\*You are exaggerating. \*\***Astrid would tell him every time she found something amusing about Snaily.

\_Just don't follow her to any dark places. \_He told her as he remembered it had been a hard lesson for him to learn. He couldn't punch Snaily like Astrid punched Snotlout, so getting away from her or stopping her flirting was difficult.

Then they heard a yelp, and they all turned to look at Hiccup who was standing indignantly and glaring at Dagur, who had been sitting on her other side. She was rubbing her behind as Dagur offered a dangerous smile, daring her to complain.

**\*\*Can we start already?\*\*** Astrid asked him. Had she been Hiccup she would have punched Dagur in the mouth.

\_Be my guest. \_Astor said shortly trying to hold back his temper. In due time, he would get his payback.

Everyone watched as Astor stood up raising his cup high in the air before turning to look at the high table. He got curious looks from everyone, but a very worried one from Hiccup, "let us all toast for our dear lady Hiccup! For hers and her soon to be husband's happiness and prosperity!" just about everyone stared at Astor Hofferson keep his arm raised until they reacted and they all did the same, "for our brave and wonderful lady!" he shouted again before everyone shouted their best wishes to the couple, "Everyone hear me out! I believe this memorable occasion calls for a special task. It's only a few days, but it shouldn't be much trouble for us. We must make the celebration unforgettable, so I say let's all go out to hunt and bring back a feast worth of a king and queen!"

Everyone shouted their agreement. Hiccup was loved by her whole tribe not just because she was a pretty little thing, but she was also brave and kind. Though they weren't sure a marriage with Dagur the Deranged would bring her much happiness, they still wanted her to be happy the day of her wedding. Soon all men and unwed women went to look for gear to hunt leaving the hall just about empty. The only ones remaining were Astor, Hiccup and Dagur.

"Hey Hofferson," said Dagur as he and Hiccup walked up to him. The moment he placed a hand around Hiccup's hip both Astor and Astrid had to resort to all of their self control not to punch him, "what are you up to?"

"What do you mean?"

"I know you like Hiccup, so I don't believe even one bit of that show you just put up"

"Chief Dagur, you are right on saying that I like Hiccup. She is my

best friend. She changed our lives and saved everyone"

"Yeahâ€¦| blah, blahâ€¦| get to the point"

"I want Hiccup to be happy," it came out in one breath, "even if it's with you, I want her to be happy. So, I am going out there to hunt the biggest boar in the island, and you are going to eat it all on your own and make sure to remember to make her happy with every bite"

"Is that so?"

"Yes," Astrid made sure to keep eye contact with Dagur, challenge him, "she only deserves the best"

"She will get the best,"

Hiccup watched as a smug smile crossed Astor's lips. It said 'we will see about that,' and she knew Dagur got the message like an arrow to his ego.

"Move," he growled before Astor stood to the side to let him pass, but he stopped in front of Astor, not bothering to look at him, "don't get in my way" and then he left the Great Hall to get his hunting gear.

"What are you up to?" Hiccup said as an awful feeling crawled all over her skin.

"Just setting some things straight," and his smile, she noticed, was a little different. His smile always had a little sharpness to it, but this time it was gentler "I truly want you to be happy because Iâ€¦|" but then her eyes were filled with tears and Astrid couldn't complete the words Astor was telling her.

"Please, don't do something stupid," and then she got on her tip toes and gave him a chaste kiss on the lips. For that moment, Astor thought of stopping right there, taking her on his arms and running away, "and be careful" she was unsure about trusting Astor, but she was sure Dagur was not to be trusted at all.

"I will," and then Hiccup left the Great Hall, but she looked back twice and pleaded with her eyes that he truly didn't do something stupid. She loved him, and she could not tell him now, but at least she could live knowing he was well.

**\*\*She loves you. \*\*Astrid told him. \*\*We have to make sure Dagur does not come back alive.\*\***

\_You don't have to tell me twice. \_Astor said before they went to his home. All his hunting gear was waiting for him by the entrance door, and so were his parents. They didn't say anything. Once they heard what their son had said in the Great Hall, and seen the gear by the door they knew he was doing something crazy.

"You must truly love her"

Astrid looked at her mother, and she saw her fear. She feared her son would not return from this so called hunting trip.

"I do," and though it was Astrid saying the words, she imagined she was speaking of her Hiccup, "I will be back as soon as possible"

Astor told her to go around the houses. They wanted to make sure no one invited them to their hunting parties. Both knew that Dagur wasn't as stupid as he acted. He knew Astor would try something, so he would not let his guard down at all. He was going to surround himself with his best warriors. They would have to take them all down, then kill Dagur, make it look like an accident, and then go back home with the biggest boar as a price.

As Hiccup made her way home lost in her thoughts, she realized the voice returned and kept talking about not trusting what Astor was trying to do. That if she loved him as much as she claimed, she would stop him. She hated that the voice was right so she hurried home. When she caught sight of the only home she had ever known she saw her father leaving with his hunting gear as she made it to the door.

"I will keep an eye on him," Stoik told her knowing well she was worried for Astor.

"Dagur is joining the hunt," she told him, "you need to be careful too"

Stoik knelt down before his daughter. The only other person he had ever knelt down to had been his wife. He placed a strong hand on her lean shoulder and remembered when she was born when he held her with one hand. She had been so small, and her first cry had been so small and shaky he felt as if his heart would stop.

"Dad?" she spoke softly, her voice was almost like her mother's.

He looked at her worried face and spoke with that strong voice that comforted her for many years after her mother was gone. "I will be back," and he gave his best smile under the circumstances, "you are getting married in a few days. Your mother wouldn't forgive me if I missed that."

"I wouldn't forgive you either," she said with a shaky smile, "get going, and return soon"

Stoic nodded, straightened his helmet and went on. Hiccup watched over him until he was fully out of sight, then she rushed inside. Toothless was inside hanging from the rafters giving her a curious look. The dragoness could sense something different about her friend, but she couldn't put her claw on it.

Hiccup hurried to her room and got her bow and a pack of arrows, when she got down she found Toothless getting her saddle "good girl, we are going on a hunting trip." They left the house through the backdoor. They didn't take into the sky because the other would see them. Hiccup held tightly as Toothless jumped from tree top to tree top like a shadow until they found a larger tree to settle on. From there, they watched hunting parties pass, including Dagur's.

"Keep track of him girl," Hiccup told her as she kept looking for any sign of Astor. Then that little voice returned again and told her Astor was smarter than that. He would find another path.

Hiccup sighed before she realized exactly which path Astor would use. She and Toothless went towards the edge of the forest. If Astor was seriously trying what she thought he was trying, she had to stop him. If anything happened to him, then the other chiefs that were allied to him would see his death as a threat. The last thing you wanted to do was make a Viking feel threatened. They got all edgy and violent.

"Do you smell him girl?" Hiccup asked before Toothless dropped to ground level. Here, she found a fistful of dragon nip hanging from a tree by a string. Hiccup took a look around and saw they were all over the place, "congrats Astor, you are actually making me upset" she said aloud hoping that wherever he was he could hear her.

And heard her he did. He was hiding behind a tree just a few paces away from her. Astrid made sure to keep their breathing down. Toothless still had her incredible hearing, so if it detected they were nearby they were done.

"Toothless, we don't have time for that," said Hiccup as the dragon tried to pull down the dragon nip, "let's keep going" and they left to go deeper into the forest hoping that was the direction Astor had taken.

\*\*That was close, \*\*Astrid said as they slid down to sit against the tree.

\_I told you she would come after us. \_Said Astor not believing they had been so lucky to hide just in time. \_She is so stubborn; of course she wouldn't stay home and wait. Now we track down Dagur.\_

\*\*This already took a long time. He could be anywhere. \*\*

Astrid went to get the rest of their gear hidden in the bushes. She tried to think of the best hunting spots around the island, but many were only known to Hairy Hooligans, which narrowed down the list. Still, on foot it would take them a long time to catch up to Dagur in any of them.

"So, you are trying to kill Dagur?"

Astrid jumped and turned to find Snailly standing behind her with a shield and sword. Astrid hadn't believed Astor before about her not being as likeable as she seemed, but that condescending smile pissed her off at first glance.

"What of it?" she said coldly.

"You do realize everyone will know you did it, right?" she said as she closed on them, "the Berserkers will call out for your blood"

"I will cross that bridge when the time comes, just don't get in my way" Astrid picked all their gear before walking away from Snailly.

"Why can't you love me instead? I am better than Hiccup, aren't I? I mean, look at me. I am perfect, the wife any man would ever want. Why can't you love me?"



Astrid turned them to face her only to find Snaily's sword pointing at their gut, "what are youâ€¦!"

"A year ago, just about every single man came to my house seeking to set a marriage contract. I rejected them all, the wealthiest too, and do you know why? It was because of you. I waited, and waited for you to come to my house even after less and less proposals came my way. But, you didn't notice, right? You only had eyes for tiny, weak, and pathetic Hiccup. I thought that after her engagement to Dagur you would forget about her, but then you do this. Why? Why must you make me do this?" and she pressed the tip of her sword slightly.

"Because he doesn't love you," and before Snaily could turn someone hit her on the back of her head with her shield.

Astor and Astrid stared still in shock as Fishlegs took hold of Snaily's legs and dragged her body into a bush where no one would find her until she woke up.

"Fishlegsâ€¦!" Astor couldn't believe kind and noble Fishlegs had just done that. She detested Snaily but rarely acted against her.

"I know where Dagur went," she said sheathing her sword on her belt, "c'mon before he gets away"

And that was an even greater surprise.

\_\_\_\_\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*TO BE CONTINUED\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_PLEASE REVIEW, FAVE, OR FOLLOW.\_\_\_\_

## 6. The Switch Part 3

I don't own How to Train Your Dragon.

A big sorry for everyone who was waiting for the end of this story. I truly apologize. I was really stuck on how to end it. Then, only a few nights ago I saw in a dream. It was crazy, a little odd, especially after so long but I just couldn't keep it inside me and wrote it. I didn't do much of a spell check and I am not sure if I will write another one. I might later, but I am unsure at this time. I hope you enjoy it.

**\*\*The Switch (Part 3)\*\***

**\*\*Runâ€¦! runâ€¦! run!\*\***

Dagur the Deranged reached the Skull caves, said to hold the biggest, wildest group of hogs in the whole island of Berk. He stopped for a moment listening for anything suspicious. He was not so worried about the wild hogs, but Astor. He didn't fear the Hooligan Viking but he had to admit he had skills that rivaled his own. Before the whole dragon training thing he had thought of recruiting him into his own tribe, but then Hiccup had to step forwards and change the whole game. He detested her for that.

No one dared going against the Hooligans now because of their dragons. He always knew he was meant to rule the whole Viking archipelago, but for a long time didn't know how to go about it. That

was until that summer he spotted her showing some little kids how to train some Common Garden dragons. He realized in his mostly demented mind that she was the key to his empire. He would marry her and have her train a whole dragon army to take over every single Viking tribe.

Of course, it didn't hurt that she was pretty little thing. She was too small in the chest for his taste but still pretty, soft, and most of all very breakable. He could appreciate pretty things, but only enough to know he loved to break them. Knowing Hiccup, she was still a pure damsel. He wondered if could capture Astor and make him watch the whole while.

His guards stepped back from him when they noticed his sick smile. They didn't know what was going through their young chief's mind, but they were sure it was nothing good.

Astrid and Astor felt a shiver through their body. They were not sure if it was because they had made up their minds about killing Dagur, or that sweet and gentle Fishlegs was going to help them, or maybe it was something else. Astrid thought the girl was a lot like the Fishlegs she knew; smart, polite, and a good friend. But a cold blooded killer well, not really. Astor felt the same way, but he guessed when Hiccup's life became endangered something else clicked in.

Fishlegs strode through the woods with her shield and sword held tightly. She was afraid, but determined.

"I heard him bully someone to give him the location to the Skull caves" Fishlegs said as they ran.

"Then we might not need to kill him ourselves"

"If only," said Fishlegs stopping for a moment before turning to face him, "then we wouldn't need to worry about war either"

Both Astor and Astrid didn't know what to say to that. They knew war would start after they killed Dagur. The other tribes would not stay quiet about it, specially the Berserkeres.

"What we are doing is very selfish," said Fishlegs stopping for a moment, keeping her eyes ahead, "but Hiccup is also my friend, and I will do everything in my power to keep her from falling into that monster's hands"

"Thank you Fishlegs," Astrid wanted to hug her, but Astor recommended her not to. Fishlegs was not very used to male affections and usually freaked out when she got any.

"That's very sweet and all, but it's not your place to decide" they turned back to look a rather upset Hiccup getting off her dragon, "go back now and I promise I won't have you locked until the wedding is over"

"I don't think so," said Fishlegs stepping forwards with her shield and sword, "you are making a big mistake if you think Dagur will just take you as a wife to have you around as trophy"

"I AM NOT STUPID!" Hiccup shouted, her face turning red with anger

and embarrassment, "of course I know what he wants" she admitted taking control of her emotions again. He wanted her knowledge and her flesh. She didn't know which one scared her more, "and I will not let him start a war one way or another"

The little voice inside her mind told her that she had to find another way. She could not give herself up like that, though he understood perfectly where she was coming from, but that her solution wouldn't really assure their tribe would be safe from Dagur.

"Iâ€|" she bit her lip trying not to listen to the voice.

"Hiccup, I love you," Astrid felt Astor take over his body again and say the words he had wanted to tell her for the longest of time, "please, let usâ€|"

"NO!" she shouted doing her best to hold her tears back and then drawing her sword and lifting her shield, "it's too late Astor! Now stand out of my way before you regret it!"

"Go Astor," Fishlegs said as she prepared to fight her best friend, "I don't know if I will be able to hold her back for long"

He nodded without another word and ran.

"After him Toothless!" he heard her shout.

Astrid didn't dare look back as they zigzagged through the trees. They could hear Toothless perfectly as it broke through the branches and bushes after them.

'\_We are so done for,'\_ thought Astor, \_'it's impossible to lose Toothless in the woods'\_

The dragoness was even more determined to go after Astor, or whoever that was. She felt something very different from this so called Astor. It was necessarily bad, but it started to bother her more when she felt the same sensation coming off Hiccup. She kept saying she was fine, but he could see she was struggling to contain that sensation back. Astor, in the other wand seemed to accept it fully.

With a magnificent leap Toothless pinned the Viking to the ground and growled very closely to his face. Of course she wasn't really going to hurt him. Hiccup would be very upset if she hurt the male she wanted. He tried to free himself many times, and tiring of his threats she decided to lay her whole weight at top of him, for exception of his head.

"C'mon Toothless, you know she is doing something very stupid!"

The dragoness growled curiously. Actually, Hiccup had been very vague about what was going on. She only understood that she was trying to prevent a war.

"She didn't tell you?" neither Astrid nor Astor could believe it.

Toothless stood up and sat on her rear legs before staring at Astor expectantly.

Both Astrid and Astor were relieved before launching into their explanation.

Meanwhile, Fishlegs was having a lot of trouble holding Hiccup back. She was a sword master, the same or more skilled than even Astor. It didn't make it any easier that she was left handed and she had to readjust her blows. Hiccup tried not to be so surprised. He had become okay at the sword since he learned he favored his left hand, but not as good or ferocious as this little female version of him.

"I AM NOT LITTLE!" shouted Hiccup enraged, startling Fishlegs for a moment. Realizing she had spoken out loud she added, "You can't decide my life for me!"

"I am your friend!" shouted Fishlegs back, which made Hiccup stop for a moment. She had heard her friend raise her voice before, but never at her, "you are my friend, and I won't let you throw your life away where the man you love, loves you back to the point where he is willing to kill and start a whole war!"

She froze for a moment, taking those words into her heart. Of course Astor knew what he was doing, but he didn't care because he loved her. He had said so only a few moments ago and she had wanted so badly to say she loved him too.

"I can't be so selfish," she repeated before launching at her friend, "I am sorry!" and with that she swung her arm and hit her friend on the side of the head knocking her out. After making sure she was just unconscious Hiccup pulled her friend towards the bushes. The last thing she wanted was some Berserk finding her friend unconscious. She listened for Astor and Toothless but couldn't hear either.

\_You know\_, said the male voice in her head that called himself Hiccup too, \_I think you don't believe you will be able to stop Dagur even if you marry him. What do you really have planned?\_

\*\*I am not talking to you, \*\*she said stubbornly. She knew exactly what she would do and she would have to make a few sacrifices, but that would be just fine. She was going to kill Dagur herself after he had bedded her. Then she would take over the Berserkers. None of them would dare go against her as a dragon rider.

\_That's not just a few sacrifices; you are talking about your own happiness. Don't deny you believed Astor was the one from the moment you saw him. \_He had felt about Astrid since he could remember. For the longest time he thought she was out of his reach. He believed the same was for this petite Hiccup.\_

\*\*There are more important things than my happiness.\*\*

\_That's not what your mother would have wanted.\_

\*\*WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW! YOU ARE NOT EVEN REAL!\*\*

\_BUT I AM! I know father is very worried about you right now and mother would have begged you to change your mind and marry a man you actually loved; just like she married the love of her life.\_

**\*\*Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!\*\***

She cried as she ran in search of Toothless and Astor. Her mother used to tell her of how she fell in love with her father. It was romantic under Viking standards.

Stoick and Valhallarama

He had saved her in battle and she returned the favor not liking to owe anything to anyone, but then he would save her again and again she would try to return the favor until she couldn't find a chance to anymore. She had asked him rather upset what he wanted as repayment and he had saidâ€

\_I want you to accept my love, you insufferable woman! \_Hiccup knew that story just as well; \_I want you to stop throwing it back at me every time I save you.\_

**\*\*Why didn't you say anything before! \*\***Her mother had shouted back, how she was supposed to know the son of the chief was infatuated with her.

\_Because I am a Viking! \_Hiccup remembered how red his father's face would turn when his mother told him that story. He was pretty sure he had turned just as red when he told her those words, \_I am brave Viking warrior and fought many battles, but I have never tried to give my heart to someone!\_

**\*\*What would you do if I say no? \*\***Valhallarama didn't think he was serious.

\_Then I will take my ship and sail to the end of the world. \_His father had said without a second doubt, and with that he had left Valhallarama standing in complete shock.

The following morning Valhallarama had awoken very early in the morning with a bad feeling, only throwing a blanket over her shoulder she had ran towards the pier where she spotted Stoick's massive figure readying a boat to leave.

**\*\*Where are you going? \*\***She asked curiously. She knew the fishing crews wouldn't be up for a few more hours and there were no plans to go on raids to the mainland.

\_Where do you think?" \_Stoick had said looking towards the west.

**\*\*You were serious! \*\***She realized in amazement.

\_Of course I was! Now go a break someone else's heart. \_

**\*\*I don't love you, \*\***Valhallarama had said with honesty, **\*\*but I am starting to really like you Stoick the Vast.\*\***

\_Really? \_He stopped and stared at her like a lost puppy. At that moment Valhallarama had known she also loved him.

**\*\*Yes, now come here and walk me home. I am really cold. \*\***She said hugging her blanket tighter around her shoulders before Stoick had walked her home.

Hiccup couldn't stop the tears anymore. Since she was a little girl she had dreamed of love like that. She was thankful to the gods that her parents never considered to arrange a marriage for her, and instead gave her the freedom to love. Oh, but it hurt so much now. She felt as if she was tearing out her own heart!

She found Toothless sleeping on a small meadow.

"Where is Astor?" she asked confused. Her dragon only growled softly before turning her head to the side and giving a big yawn.

\_I think she is on their side, \_Hiccup tried not to laugh.

"You are not serious!" she said before trying to make her dragon stand, but Toothless only rolled to her back and continued to bake under the sun, "you traitor!" but Toothless only chuckled. She hadn't understood all that was happening until recently. The Astor that was not Astor had told her that Hiccup was doing something very stupid and was going to become Dagur's mate. Once she had understood this, she had let him go and gone to find a warm place to rest until her partner found her. She would get him as much time as she could.

"Fine! You useless reptile, I will find him on my own" she said turning around from her dragon.

\_Big mistake, \_added Hiccup before his female version was pinned to the ground by her dragon.

"Toothless!"

Astor heard Hiccup's scream as he neared the Skull caves. And oh to behold, he also spotted Dagur and his guards. He readied his bow and arrow. They wouldn't even need to get close. Soon his Hiccup would be free to be with him, war or not.

Huh huh huhâ€¦|

Heheheheheâ€¦|

He knew those laughs. Before he had a chance to react, two bodies fell at top of his pinning him to the ground.

"It's not a boar but I guess chief will be happy with it" said Ruffnut as Tuffnut tied a gag around Astor's mouth.

"Uh, I didn't know you knew those words," Astrid was cursing them with all she had but the gag only made it half understandable.

The twins tied Astor's hands and legs together before taking a nearby log and using it to carry him away as if he was a beast they had just hunted. To say the least, Astrid invented a few new words to call the twins.

It didn't take them long to reach Stoick's camp where Astor and Astrid saw the two largest hogs they had ever seen in their lives.

"I can't believe I am saying this, but good job you two" said Stoick

before the twins dropped Astor to the ground and bumped helmets together.

Making sure he remained tied up Stoick helped Astor into a sitting position before removing the gag.

Astor didn't say anything; he only glared at his chief.

Stoick sat across from him before signaling to his companions to leave them alone for a while.

"You really love her, don't you?"

Astor turned his head to the side not answering. Of course he loved her; he wouldn't be doing such stupid and crazy things if he didn't.

"Are you really willing to start a war for her?"

"Yes" and Stoick thought for a moment that would be all the young man would say, but then he turned to Stoick with a very serious face, "I would die for her in that war too"

The chief was silent for a while. This boy reminded him of himself when he was young and ready to sail to the end of the world for Valhallarama.

"But you know she would never forgive herself if you or anyone died because of her," Stoick said bursting Astor's brave bubble.

"Butâ€¦"

"There is no one more in the world than me that would like to see you run a rusty sword through that bastard's heart, but Hiccup would only feel guilt and every death of the war would weight on her heart. You know how she is"

Astor did, she would lose herself in grief and she would never be happy again.

Stoick didn't say anything as tears started to run down the young man's face. He tried mutely to stop them but they wouldn't stop. Stoick untied him, since Astor (and Astrid without his knowing) had finally understood. He watched the young man swipe at his tears in vain. Then a strangled sob of despair and helplessness escaped his lips, it started very quiet as he did his best to hold it in. He fell to his knees and gripped the earth until his knuckles were white. He couldn't save her. Then the sob turned into a moan of despair and misery. It could be heard through a good part of the forest.

Not too far the rest of Stoick's party was setting another camp. They knew this would take a while. Most of them ignored the painful sound of Astor's lament, others couldn't.

"I never stood a chance, did I?" said Snaily as she sat next to Fishlegs by the newly started fire. She had been found by the twins a while ago and brought there. She held a wet cloth to the back of her head, where Fishlegs had hit her with her shield.

"Not that it matters anymore," said Fishlegs also holding a wet cloth to where Hiccup had hit her with her shield, "sorry aboutâ€¦" she said pointing to her head.

"Forget about it, you got what you deserved anyways," Snailly tried to laugh, but was hard to when they could still hear Astor's mourning weeping and moans.

Not far from there Hiccup sat against the side of her dragon listening to Astor. She allowed herself to cry as she buried her face on her hands and knees. She was so sorry for causing him so much pain.

The following morning everyone returned to the village with their catch. The story they had agreed on was that Astor had gone with them to the hunt and brought down the largest of the hogs. A rather sleep deprived Dagur was very upset, not just because he was beat but because he had waited all that time expecting Astor to attack him and nothing happened. Still, he had some satisfaction from seeing that Astor hadn't sleep too well, just like himself.

He didn't say anything as he delivered the largest of boars to the kitchen. He got pats on the back and congratulations, but Astor didn't acknowledge any of them.

Astrid wanted to tell him to cheer up, but she knew it would be fruitless. She felt the same. They had lost. They were not used to losing but this time it was so painful that it was a miracle that they were still standing. She didn't realize when they made it to their house, but only acknowledged the soft mattress before falling into a deep slumber.

In this dream, Astor and Astrid faced each other, neither said anything but looked at the ground. Astrid felt the pain of losing her love, just as if it was her Hiccup.

"You can probably still go home and be happy with him" said Astor not feeling bad just for himself, but for her too. He didn't know why, but he didn't feel right sharing this pain with her who still had a good chance with the one she loved.

"I am afraid," she said, "I am afraid he will say no. I don't know if I could continueâ€¦"

"But isn't that better than never knowing? Isn't it better than watching him sharing his life with someone else? I waited too long Astrid, don't make the same mistake"

And when they woke up, Astrid was no longer at the reins. She had felt her hold slip away over the previous day, but now she was helpless. She and Astor agreed that she would only be a spectator from this point forward, not that it would make much difference anymore. Night was falling when he left his home, but he could already hear the celebration going on the great hall. His heart skipped a beat, tomorrow the ceremony would take place there, for now they would celebrate on part of the feast they had brought. With lead feet he made it to the hall, entered quietly and went to sit with his friends. They were all pretty much in the same mood, even the twins who were not playing with their food or daring each other to do stupid things.



Most of the time they had their eyes set on little Hiccup sitting in front of the hall between her father who placed a gentle hand over hers, and Dagur who whispered on her ear every once in a while almost bringing her to tears.

"I will leave tomorrow," said Astor.

"Where?" Fishlegs asked worried.

"I don't know, I just can't stay here," he said looking down at the table and at the food which looked absolutely delicious, but he had lost all his appetite the night before.

"It sounds like an adventure, count me in," said Tuffnut.

"With me too!" said Ruffnut.

"Why the heck not!" said Snaily with a pained smile.

"She needs us," said Fishlegs breaking them away from their reality escape, "tomorrow we have to be there for her"

All excitement left them; they knew Hiccup would need them at least for moral support. All of them wanted to escape, but only Hiccup couldn't.

"If only that bastard slipped!" cried Ruffnut allowing a few tears escape.

"Yeah, anything to stopâ€¦"

Snaily stopped listening and turned to watch Hiccup and Dagur. If Hiccup was out of the way, then maybe she would have a chance with Astor. She saw a small tear go unnoticed by everyone escape her cousin's green eyes. Gently Hiccup cleared it away so no one would see it, but Snaily already had.

The following morning, Astor and Astrid felt the weight of the worst hangover of their lives. They had tried to drown their despair in ale, but no matter how much they drank they could not forget those sad green eyes.

\*\*Are we really going to the ceremony? \*\*Asked Astrid as Astor got dressed in some of his best clothes.

"Yes," he said aloud to encourage himself.

Astrid didn't ask anything else. She could feel Astor's heart drying up as the moment approached more and more.

"ASTOR!" their father barged in looking around the room frankly, "is he not here?"

"Who?" a surprised Astor asked, as he followed his father outside.

"Dagur," he said as they entered the kitchen where the chief and Hiccup were standing worried. The Berserkers were not happy.

"No," he said wondering if he had been so drunk the night before that he had done something to the bastard.

Stoik and Hiccup saw he was speaking the truth and left with apologies to the Hoffersons.

"I wonder who would be brave enough to try stopping that wedding," said his father as his mother started to serve breakfast. The preparations for the wedding were delayed due to the missing groom.

"Don't look at me," said Astor serving himself a full plate, he was ravenous, "I already tried"

"Well, I hope he shows up dead," said his mother surprising everyone in the kitchen, "what? Everyone from the tribe does too"

"Won't argue with you on that one love," said his father with a chuckle.

After eating, Astor went outside to find out Dagur was yet to be found.

\*\*This is very strange, \*\*commented Astrid as they got together with the twins and Fishlegs.

"Hey, where is Snaily?" asked Fishlegs before they noticing that Ruffnut was fidgeting and looking around worriedly.

"What did you do?" asked Astor to the female twin.

"Ehmâ€¦ I thinkâ€¦" she looked around before a scream of fury was heard through the whole village. It came from Snaily's home, and the voice belonged to Spitelout Jorgenson, "I think Snaily might have done something to Dagur last night" she had been very drunk, but she did remember in her foggy memories that Dagur had left the great hall along with Snaily.

By the time they reached the Jorgenson home, almost the whole village was there. They could hear pots breaking, furniture been overturned. The Jorgenson dragons escaped the home in panic, which told the Vikings outside that whatever was going on inside was not good at all. Finally, things became quiet and then Spitelout slammed his home's door open.

"STOOOIK!" shouted Spitelout before Stoik stepped forwards.

"What's going on Spitelout?"

"You and your daughter need to come in here," he said through greeted teeth before glaring at the rest of the crowd "AND THE REST OF YOU NEED TO GET OFF MY PROPERTY!"

But not one left, soon after the chief went in they heard him scream with rage. Oh, this was going to be good.

"Ehm, Ruffnut? What did you mean by Snaily doing something to Dagur?" asked Astor.

"Well, I think she gave him that drug that she prepared for

you"

"Drug?" asked Astor wondering if he had evaded a big arrow.

"Yeah, the kind that makes you forget what you did the day before" she said.

Stoik the Vast slammed the Jorgenson's door open before calling out "THE WEDDING IS OOFFFF" his face was red with rage, but Astor could also see a smirk trying to make its way across his face. The chief was trying really hard to look upset, "NOW LEAVE BEFORE I CUT EVERYONE'S HEADS OFF!"

It didn't take long for the word to run of what had happened. That fine morning Spitelout had gone to see if his dearest, only, and pure daughter was ready for her cousin's wedding when he opened her door and found Dagur the Derange on his daughter's bed snuggling his face on her breasts like a baby. The head of the Jorgenson didn't take too well and had awoken both of them with the scream that had been heard through the whole village. After trying to kill Dagur for a while, he made him seat on a chair and gone to call the chief and his daughter.

Snaily claimed not to remember anything in sobs before she showed Hiccup the blood tainted sheets. From that point, Hiccup said she could not marry Dagur as he had shamed her and her cousin in front of everyone. Dagur tried to protest, but Stoik and Spitelout would have none of it. He would either have to marry Snaily, to which the girl only weep more, or pay the Jorgenson family for the shame he had brought them. According to Spitelout, it would be very difficult to find Snaily a decent husband now.

Dagur took the second offer. He could barely stand Snaily, especially after a whole morning of listening to her cry. Dagur cursed under his breath when he realized this would make him lose all credibility with the other chiefs. That very same morning, after delivering many chests of riches to the Jorgenson, he left Berk and wouldn't be back for at least ten years.

Now, Astor and the rest were completely surprised to hear all this, but even more when Hiccup and Snaily told them of what had actually happened.

They sat around the Jorgenson kitchen as Snaily counted her treasure.

"She drugged him and yes, she undressed him and herself but nothing besides that happened" Hiccup said trying her best not to turn beat red. When she and her father had gone into the house Dagur was still in state of undress.

"I kind of regret that," said Snaily with a wicked smile "That Dagur has a nice body"

"Ewww, get that image off my head," cried Fishlegs.

"Then what about theâ€¦"

"Chicken blood," said Snaily snuggling into a long piece of silk, "nothing really happened. He only touched my breast and then fell

asleep on them"

As they left Snaily's home together, Astor and Hiccup were very quiet. They didn't think things would be fixed by Snaily of all people. They thought that the following years would be filled with tears and hardship, now it was as if the gods had given them a second chance.

"Ehmâ€¦ well, see you later Astor," Hiccup said as she started her way home.

**\*\*Don't let her go! \*\***But Astor didn't need to be told twice. In less than a second he had Hiccup in an embrace.

"Astor?" He could feel Hiccup's heart beating fast against his own.

"Marry me Hiccup," he said before petit Hiccup looked up at his kind face.

"If you insist," she said with a smile before leaning forwards. Astor too leaned forwards and kissed her softly.

Astrid woke up startled and looked around for Hiccup, but she was not there. She was back in her room. Then she noticed she had her lady parts back. She turned and looked outside. It was about midday and she could feel the remains of a hangover in her head, but the happiness that she had felt when Astor and his Hiccup had kissed overwhelmed all that. She laid on her bed for a while wondering if it had just been a silly dream, or maybe it was a sign. Not wasting another minute, she got up and dressed. Then, she ran all the way to Hiccup's house. Stoick the Vast told her he was at the smithy and there she found him sleeping in his work room.

She shook him gently.

"Ehm? What?" he sat up slowly with a piece of paper stuck to his face.

"Morning" she said removing the paper from his face before taking a look at it. It was the plans for a beautiful ax.

"Youâ€¦ you aren't supposed to see that!" Hiccup said taking it back from her.

"Why?" she asked unable to hold her smile back.

"Beâ€¦ because," but then he saw her eyes and couldn't keep it inside him anymore, "it was supposed to be a surprise for you"

"That's for me?" she asked in amazement looking at the plans again.

"Yeah, for yourâ€¦ your birthday! Right, your birthday"

"My birthday is until next spring," they were in plain summer.

"Ehmâ€¦" Hiccup didn't know what to say.

"I had a very strange dream," she said feeling a little silly telling him about it, "and I think I learned a few things from it. I came looking for you because there is something I want you to know," she took his hands on her own, "I want you to know that Iâ€|" she felt her cheeks redden. She knew she couldn't waste any more time.

"Me too," Hiccup said, his face just as red "me too" and he leaned forwards and kissed her. They didn't need to say it, they could feel it every moment of their lives. Hiccup let go first before taking her cheeks on his hands before bringing his lips near her ear. He whispered "Astrid, I plead you to please allow me to make you happy" he kissed her reddened cheek then continued, "Please become my wife"

\*\*\*\* The Conclusion \*\*\*\*

Hiccup sat by the fire of her home reading a letter from her cousin Snaily. She had taken all her riches, a small crew and gone to search for love about two years ago. She had found it somewhere in the mainland with a man that could barely understand Norse, but it was love nonetheless. The room was warm as Astor prepared dinner in the kitchen. It smelled so delicious that their dragons were very tempted on stealing it. Her husband was the best cook in all of Berk, and she prided herself on tasting his cooking every night.

"So, do you think they ever realized it?" asked Astor as he started serving their plates.

"Probably not," laughed Hiccup; a few days after their wedding night she admitted to Astor that she had been hearing a voice in her head until they kissed. He admitted right away the same had happened to him. After talking some more about it, they both realized they were the other them belonging to the other Berk.

"Need help?" Astor asked her as he offered a hand.

"I am not there just yet," Hiccup said standing up, but then took his hand as he guided her to the table. Though it was very small, one could already see Hiccup's little baby bump.

"Scared?" he asked her.

"A little, but you will be there so I will be fine," as long as they had each other they had nothing to worry about.

And they knew that when their little one was born, boy or girl, they would love them very much.

\*\*\*\*Small Talk\*\*\*\*

Stoick the Vast looked from his son to Astrid Hofferson and their holdings hands. The young couple waited intensely for his answer. The Hoffersons had already said yes, and now it was his turn. He had known for the longest time that his son had a crush on the Hofferson girl, but never did he expect that it would get to this so soon. He had thought his son would wait more before asking the big question. They were so young. He could still remember them as little kids getting into trouble.

"Father?" asked Hiccup starting to worry.

"Alright," said Stoick with a sigh, "next spring, it should give you two enough time to truly make up your minds and start building your own house" Like heck he was going to have a couple that was yet to reach twenty under his roof.

"Actually," started Hiccup, "we just wanted your approval"

"We don't plan to actually marry until a few more years" added Astrid.

Stoick stared at the two of them in wonder. They were really good friends and they trusted each other. If it was a year or two it didn't matter. Their feelings wouldn't fade, but actually grow more and more. He couldn't ask something better for them than that.

\*\*\*\* The end \*\*\*\*

â€|maybe.

End  
file.